THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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DILLON'S LIFE OF MITCHEL.

A Work That Should Be In the Hands of Every Student of Modern Irish History Throughout the World.

It is the Achievement of William Dillon, Son of John Blake Dillon, One of the Young Ireland Chiefs.

"Life of John Mitchel," by William Dillon. L. L. D., M. R. I. A., attorney and counsellor-at-law at the Chicago Bar, in two volumes, cloth, large octavo; Keegan Paul, French & Co., London, Eng. Chicago office of publication, Room 417 No. 87 Washington-st.

It has seldom been our lot to read a more interesting biographical work than the Life of John Mitchel by William Dillon, eldest son of the subject's old time friend and associate, John Blake Dillon, of Young Ireland celebrity. The story of this chequered, and, in many respects, extraordinary, life has been narrated by Mr. Dillon in a style so simple and, at the same time, so graphic as to make the reading of it not a task but a pleasure. The generation that knew Mitchel in his prime is rapidly passing away, and to their sons, who only knew him in the years of his decline, his memory is becoming dim. Their children might hardly remember that such a heroic champion of Irish right had ever lived, if Mr. Dillon's book, which should be more widely read, did not exist to embalm his memory.

John Mitchel met with a crushing defeat at a period of life when most men, mentally at least, are barely entering on maturity. At two-and-thirty he was a political convict, a "treason felon," according to a law specially passed by the English house of commons, in the spring of 1848, to bring him to that condition. He had been guilty simply of telling the truth about English rule in Ireland, and, for this, a jury was deliberately packed against him, and he was sentenced to fourteen years transportation beyond the seas. He made his escape from Van Dieman's Land to America before his sentence was half completed, and the first few years of his residence in this republic did not add to his fame as a lover of human liberty, in the broad sense which knows not race, color or condition. He had a large fund of that Caucasian pride of blood which holds the hue of the human skin to be the charter of individual freedom and independence. He quarreled, on this question, with the American Abolitionists, in which he made a great mistake, and he fell out with Archbishop Hughes on an issue, which might as well have been left unchallenged, in later years. On both these accounts, his brilliant paper, *The Citizen*, started in New York soon after his arrival in this country, lost public patronage to so great an extent that he retired from its editorial chair. Then he threw himself, so to speak, into the arms of the Southern slaveholders, and received at their hands a large amount of political and personal consideration. This was the crowning error of John Mitchel's career as an American citizen, and it seems to us, guided by the facts stated in William Dillon's life of him, that he acted as much in a spirit of contradiction as from any other motive. Like his father before him, he detested cant, and he was pleased to interpret the vehemence of Henry Ward Beecher, and others, on the question of slavery, in that way. In this he was mistaken, because no men could have been more sincere in the cause they advocated then were the Abolitionists, including Mr. Beecher.

Mr. Dillon gives quite an interesting account of Mitchel's life in the South, at Knoxville, Tenn., where he published the *Southern Citizen*; on a plantation in the same State and, later, at Richmond, Va. There was a certain element of restlessness, if not purposelessness, in his nature after 1848, and he became a veritable rolling stone, with the proverbial result. His wanderings were generally shared by his beautiful and devoted wife, and by his young children. After a time, events led him to France where, at first, he seemed to enjoy life and get back something of his old disposition. He loved that country almost as deeply as he did Ireland—an affection he did not seem to bestow on *all* America, if we are to judge by letters written in his latter years, to any vehement extent. In fact, Ireland was his passion—his ruling passion—and every other tie, even his attachment to the State of Virginia, was subsidiary to the great love he bore her.

When the rebellion broke out, he was still in France, but his two eldest sons, John and James, entered the rebel army. Subsequently himself and his youngest son left France for the scene of action, managed to make their way through the Union lines, and engaged in the rebel service, the father as a member of the ambulance corps—he was too near sighted to be of use in the ranks—and the boy as a private soldier. Meanwhile, the rest of the family was widely scattered, the eldest and youngest daughters remaining in Paris, at a convent, where the former soon afterward died a religious; and Mrs. Mitchel and the second daughter, going to reside with friends in Ireland. Death dealt rudely with the Mitchel boys, John, the eldest, a promising soldier, was killed by a Federal shell, while commanding Fort Sumter, as Captain of Artillery; and William, a mere lad, fell in the charge of Pickett's division, of which he was a member, at Gettysburg. James received a very severe wound, from which he suffered for many years, in another bloody battle. Thus, three of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchel's well beloved children perished, one by disease and two by the bullet, before the surrender at Appomattox. Mrs. Mitchel and her second daughter, Miss Minnie Mitchel, determined to run the blockade, in order to join the male survivors of their household. They succeeded in their daring attempt, after escaping a Federal cruiser, but the officers of the blockade runner, either through intoxication, or from absolute necessity, ran the vessel ashore and burned her. In this fire, Mrs. and Miss Mitchel lost all their effects, as well as some valuable papers belonging to Mr. Mitchel.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Dillon's book is a very sad, although as we have said, a very interesting story. Mitchel, had he not been inoculated with the holy malady of patriotism, might have lived and died a happy and prosperous Irish attorney in Banbridge or Newry, or, under "loyal" conditions—impossible to contemplate in Mitchel—a Queen's Counsellor, and, eventually "an ermined ruffian," as he was fond of calling the judges of the "Irish" bench. He had made a great success of his legal business when Charles Gavan Duffy induced him to take the place, made vacant by the death of Thomas Davis, on the *Nation*, and a worthy successor he proved himself, for, since the days of Swift, no writer of his peculiar ability had risen in Ireland. His command of English was phenomenal, and he was particularly strong in satire. Besides, he was a man of dauntless courage, and meant every word he uttered. When he talked of swords and guns, he did not talk to manufacture cheers. He meant to use them, and to get others to use them. Step by step he advanced from comparative conservatism to revolutionary radicalism. He felt, in 1848, that Ireland needed a desperate remedy. He set life and liberty on the die and lost liberty, which was, indeed, what he most prized. When John Mitchel was borne away in chains from Dublin, and Ireland did not fight to rescue him, a less noble nature would have cursed his countrymen and died. But his love for his native land never wavered. He remained faithful to the end. It seems harsh to say, but from our standpoint, it is true: in Irish politics John Mitchel was never wrong; in American politics he was never right.

When Mitchel started his *Irish Citizen* in New York, in 1867, he seemed to forget, somehow, it was the Fenian Brotherhood that had had him released from Fortress Monroe, where he was confined by order of the United States government, in 1865. He suffered greatly in prison at that place, and Mr. Dillon claims that his health was permanently broken by his rough experience. Subsequently, Mitchel went to France as custodian of Fenian funds to be used by Stephens. Sometime after his return to America he founded the *Irish Citizen*, and, in attacking the Fenians, alienated his best friends and supporters. Like most of the '48 men, he had a kind of horror of the democratic ways of the rank and file of the American Irish. They were, in a sense, levellers, and all the Young Irelanders, from Smith O'Brien to Richard O'Gorman, were aristocrats either by birth or training, or both. John Mitchel was a brilliant man, but not a practical revolutionist. His lectures to the Fenians, on the duties of good citizenship, came with scant grace from a gentleman who was the only leading man of the Irish race that aided the slaveholders in their attempt to overthrow the national government. In fact, contemplating Mitchel's course in regard to slavery and secession, we can scarcely believe that he was "in his right mind" at the period of that struggle. In any event, he was bitterly punished in the loss of his brave and promising sons. We cordially wish that that chapter of his otherwise admirable life could be forever erased from history.

Mr. Dillon seems to infer, from some of Mitchel's later writings, that the Fenians die not invite the Irish Protestants to join them. This is not a correct statement. They left nothing undone in Ireland and America to unite the creeds in the crusade for Irish liberty. Several of the Protestants were ardent Fenians, and some of them, including Thomas Clarke Luby, suffered severely in the cause.

The closing episode of Mr. Mitchel's career threw a gleam of sunshine over the long darkened pathway of his stormy life. Possessed by an unconquerable longing to see his native country before death could claim him, he, in 1874, returned there and was received by the Irish people with unbounded enthusiasm. They had not forgotten their gallant friend and champion in the twenty-six weary years of his exile. Benjamin Disraeli, at that time prime minister of England, was urged by his Tory supporters to have the veteran patriot arrested, on the ground that he had broken his parole—which was an absolute lie, as Mr. Dillon's book fully explains—and also because he had escaped from Van Dieman's Land before his sentence was completed. But Disraeli, to his credit be it recorded, refused to interfere with Mr. Mitchel's liberty, and he was allowed to have his visit out in peace. Mr. Dillon states that the first view of the Irish mountains, after so long an absence, filled John Mitchel—he who was so unemotional—with profound emotion, and as he, after landing, viewed the familiar scenes, the old fire returned to his eyes and a new life seemed born within him. He returned again to America, but in the spring of 1875, Tipperary named him as National candidate for parliament. He was overwhelmingly elected, but the house of commons voted him ineligible. He was back again in Ireland by this time and a second election was had, in which he received another enormous majority. This time the election was sent into the courts, as the commons were doubtful of their power to disfranchise the Tipperary constituency by rejecting, for a second time, the representative of its choice. While the matter was pending, Mitchel wrote a letter in which he stated that, under no circumstances, would he "crawl into the house of commons" and take the required oaths. Notwithstanding, his triumph—he, the convicted "felon" indorsed by Ireland's premier county twice over—gave him great joy. The hand of death, however, was upon him in the hour of victory. On the 20th of March, 1875, in his 60th year, worn out prematurely by exile, domestic grief and persistent disease, he died in the town of Newry, his early home, and there he lies buried beside his noble-hearted father. The friend of his lifetime, John Martin, followed him to the grave within a week and sleeps the last long sleep near the man he loved with a devotion seldom exceeded in human annals.

The reader of Mr. Dillon's valuable biography cannot help feeling, in the study of it, that John Mitchel belonged, in spirit, to a more knightly age than that in which he lived. Apart from a stubbornness of disposition, which sometimes made him appear wrongheaded, John Mitchel was a man ideally noble in disposition. Had he taken the right side in the American civil conflict—and we really cannot understand why he did not—he would have gone down into history as a great American citizen as well as a great Irishman. His friend and comrade in exile, Thomas Francis Meagher, was quite as partial to the South as Mitchel himself, but his private inclination was conquered by his love for the Union and his detestation of human slavery in any form. THE CITIZEN cannot blame American Unionists for feeling angry with Mitchel. It cannot be denied that, in espousing the cause of slavery and secession, he did great evil to the cause of liberty in Ireland, and to his own record, as a champion of human freedom. But, with all his faults, Ireland and the Irish will love him, while the hills of Ulster lift their heads above the battlefields of Tyrowen, and the Blackwater runs to Lough Neagh.

WOLFE TONE'S CHAMBERS.

A Bit of Old London Which Has a Peculiar Interest to Irishmen.

A bit of old London which has a peculiar interest to Irishmen will soon disappear. When Wolfe Tone was in London as a law student during some years before 1789, he resided at No. 4 Hare court, Temple, with his friend George Knox, gaining a rather precarious livelihood by hack literary work. He was at that time the intimate friend of a number of other Irish students in London, some of whom found their way to the bench and others to the scaffold. Thomas Addis Emmet was then a student of medicine at Guy's Hospital. He had indeed been appointed jointly with his father state physician in Ireland before he abandoned medicine for law. Plunkett, who afterwards as a stage in his progress to the chancellorship, prosecuted Emmet's brother with such unnecessary malignity, was also one of the same group of friends, and probably from time to time they all met at Tone's chambers in Hare court, unconscious of the widely different fates in store for them. From that day to this Hare court has remained unchanged. A little dingy, a little picturesque, a quiet nook within Temple Bar, it has somehow lain rather outside the range of legal business, and is occupied more by residential than by professional chambers. The benchers of the Inner and Middle Temples, anxious to turn the land to profitable account, intend to remove the old buildings during the long vacation, and an Irishman who wishes to see Tone's chambers must go to Hare court at once. I wonder, by the way, says the London correspondent of the *Irish News* and Belfast *Morning News*, whether there is anything to mark Wolfe Tone's residence in Dublin? In 1790 he lived at No. 5 Great Longford street, and in 1792 he moved to No. 42 Queen's street. While speaking of these memorials of the past I may mention that the Dublin Young Ireland Society intend to pay a visit to the burial place of Owen Roe O'Neill, and Myles the Slasher, in the old Franciscan burial grounds at Cavan. There is no commemorative tablet over the grave of Owen Roe. Would it not be a grateful act if northern Nationalists were to combine to place a simple Celtic cross over the burial place of one of the greatest of Ulstermen? I commend the idea to the Belfast Young Ireland Society. The tomb of the Earls in the Eternal City has been better cared for than the resting place of Owen Roe, who was buried in his own province, and among his kith and kin.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

HELL ON EARTH.

Otherwise an English Convict Prison When an Irishman is Imprisoned Therein for a Political Offense.

Horrible Recital of His Experiences in Chatham Penitentiary by James Gilbert Cunningham, an Alleged Dynamitard.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—James Gilbert Cunningham, known as James Gilbert, the Irish-American who was recently released from a British dungeon, has returned from a long visit to Monroe, Orange county, N. Y., where he had been in quest of health, after his terrible experience. For more than eight years of imprisonment Gilbert spoke scarcely a dozen words, but at last a fearful thought came to him that he was becoming mute. When, in a frenzy of fear, he shouted sentences into the blackness of his cell the guard dragged him off to punishment. His persecution was so persistent and relentless that at last in his loneliness his reason tottered. His freedom came to him unexpectedly, and as he told his story to a reporter today he seemed scarcely able to realize that he was again able to speak without fear of re-torturing punishment.

"Ah, that awful Saturday in January, in 1885," said Gilbert, shudderingly, as he began his tale. "It was the 24th, the day of the explosion in the tower of London. Visitors were admitted free to the tower that day. I went in along with about 200. While there the explosion occurred. All gates were closed. The police took the names of all the visitors, their residences and occupations. When they asked me I gave my name as James Gilbert, leaving off the last part. I was only a boy then of 22. The inspectors were very brusque and rude, and they nettled me so that my boyish spunk was aroused and I refused to answer several questions. When three days later I was formally charged with the crime, I realized the seriousness of the situation and gave my full name.

"When the police went to my room they searched my trunk and found nothing. Two weeks after they claimed to have found a detonator there. I was practically convicted by the detonator. How could I prove that the police had put it there—one poor man against the whole police force of England? When arrested I was taken to Scotland Yard. There the police told me they would give me any amount of money I might name and any situation in the British government if I told all I knew. This proposition was so extravagant that it made me a trifle hilarious. Baffled here, the police dragged me to the chief detective's office. There the Police Commissioner James Munro and Inspector Ebeline offered me money to divulge everything. I declared myself innocent. They then put me up in a convict cell. They offered money to any man who could testify against me. They tried the identification dodge. Every Monday for twelve weeks I was brought into the Bow street court and two hours before court opened went through an identification. About four hundred people tried to identify me to get the reward. About one hundred picked me out of a line of prisoners. I am surprised that more did not succeed, as I was far better dressed than any one else in the line. After four months in the house of detention I was taken to Newgate and was tried at the Old Bailey. The trial lasted eight days.

"I was so stunned by the revelation of the web woven about me that I did not realize at once my position when the sentence was announced 'for the rest of his natural life.' I was taken back to Newgate for three days. Then I was ironed and taken to Blackfriar's station, and thence to Chatham prison. This was in May, 1885.

"The first nine months I was confined in a cell where I had to work, eat and sleep. The cell was stone, 6 by 8 feet, and 7 feet high. It was damp and cold even in May. The bed consisted of three boards nailed on the floor, slightly inclined. Sometimes I had a mattress about two feet wide and one and one-half inches thick. It was filled with a course stuff like bristles or straw, and was almost as hard as the boards. I did not always have the mattress. It used to be taken away as punishment for the breaking of prison rules. The only seat I had was a solid block like those used by butchers. It was nailed to the floor. A little board about six inches wide served as a table. The food was hardly good enough for brutes. Breakfast consisted of nine ounces of brown bread and a pint of gruel made of Indian meal and water; dinner of five ounces of brown bread, one or two small boiled potatoes and two ounces of meat. Three days of the week we had meat. Two days we had a pint of soup instead. This soup was made of entrails and was disgusting, but we had to eat it or starve. On Thursdays I got a suet pudding, made of black bread boiled in suet or tallow. For Sundays I had nothing for dinner but half a pint of half-ground Indian corn called a soup, what in America would not be fed to hogs, and five ounces of bread. For supper, eight ounces of brown bread, half baked, and a pint of cocoa—a concoction like water.

"I don't see how I ever lived through those nine months. The task I was set at every day ought to have killed me. I weighed 160 pounds on going in, and came out weighing 130. My cell work was to clean the prisoners' shackles and chains. They were brought to my cell every morning. I had to put them into a strong canvas bag four feet in diameter by six feet long. This bag I had to swing to and fro. The friction of the chains wore off the rust, they said, but it was more persecution than anything else. The chains were heavy, weighing about sixty pounds. I had half a dozen of them every day. I had to swing this load twelve hours a day. I could not stop to rest, for the warden was in the corridor and could hear the noise. When it stopped he would look through a little aperture and report me for indolence. I would then be put on bread and water for several days and the mattress would be taken away. I could not plead illness; the doctor would say I was only shamming. Often I thought I could not live through the day. I got no other exercise during the nine months except an occasional walk of ten minutes in a small, gravel-paved court, surrounded by high stone walls, about twelve feet square. These walks were very rare.

"They must have seen that I could not stand the solitary confinement much longer, for one day, nine months after, I was set to work in the gasfitter's shop. My work was to file and chisel heavy iron. When it came from the foundry it was rough. The superfluous matter was smoothed off with a cold chisel. That is what I had to do. Every privilege the other prisoners had was denied to me. For instance, when the other prisoners' chisels became blunt they could take them to a grindstone. I could not. However, I would reach out mine to the passing prisoners. Some of them were kind enough to run the risk of taking them to the stone and sharpening them for me. That was the only tie between me and my fellowmen. Low as they were, murderers and criminals of the worst kind, this occasional work of secret kindness saved me from going mad.

"One suffocating day I stood the fearful thirst as long as I could. My lips seemed to crack. At last I asked the warden for a drink of water. 'Isn't there any in the pail?' he asked.

"There was only a little black, dreggy water which I could not touch. I pleaded to go to the hydrant, only nine feet away. 'No, I'll fill up the pail,' he growled. Not till four hours later did he put any water in it. Meanwhile I stood there gasping for a drink and working without a stop. The warden all the time watched me to see that I did not slacken work. During the eight years I was in prison I was glued to the spot to which I was assigned, which was a vise for filing. I could not move to the right or left a foot or two. I could not raise my head from my work to look about me. If I did I was instantly reported and put on bread and water.

Remember, that all these years I was confined in a penal cell, one of many cells in which the prisoners are put who are to be punished. The other ordinary prisoners, such as murderers and burglars, were in larger, more airy cells in another part of the building. I had the same cell during all the time I was in Chatham prison. For five months I got up and made my bed, that is, I folded the blankets. The other prisoners' beds were taken out of their cells and aired daily. Mine was not during the eight years, except possibly once or twice. Then I had to scrub the floor of the cell, clean the tin jug for water, the tin basin for washing and the tin platter for food. These being of tin, if we neglected them in the least, rust quickly formed. A spot found on any of them meant punishment.

"This cell work usually took till 6:45 and that, with eating in the cell, consumed the time till 7. Then I marched to work with the other prisoners, in double file, so close you could not squeeze a dime between them. The other prisoners learned in some way that I was not only a political prisoner, but an American. So in marching the man in front would crack me on the shins at every step and the man behind would tread on my heels. I could not escape this daily torture. A complaint would have brought down on me not only the brutality of the warden but increased spite from the prisoners.

"We worked straight through till 12 noon. Then we knocked off for an hour, marching back to the cells and eating there till 1 o'clock. Then back to the shop and work in the shop till 6. After supper I had to collect slops, up and down the corridor, and cut the convicts' hair. Not a word might be spoken during the hair cutting. The warden stood over us.

"At the end of six and a half years in Chatham I was transferred to Portland prison. On the way I was chained to a prisoner. At Portland I had to do the same work as at Chatham. If Chatham was bad, Portland was worse. Broken by the long strain in Chatham, I sank gradually in Portland until I could not rise. The wardens might drag me up, but I would only fall down again helpless. Those awful days are largely a blank to me. I do not remember just now how I was transferred to the hospital, but I remember that when I woke up in a cell I had terrible pains in my head. My stomach pained me much, too. It revolted at last at all food, and I could eat nothing. I was so weak that when I was taken out into the yard for an airing I had to be assisted by the prisoners, and could not stand up, but sat in a chair. I was so weak that only five times in seven months could I undergo the exertion of visiting the yard.

"I had long given up all hope of gaining my freedom and spent the days in a curious mental tangle. I was trying to argue myself into believing that I would rather live and go back to the old prison life than die. But the horror of once more going through the old sufferings overcame my scruples. One day, three weeks before my release, a tall and beautiful young lady called to see me. It was Miss Maud Gonne, who has so bravely worked in behalf of the political prisoners. I was very weak on that day. She was accompanied by Mr. Parks, a member of the London Amnesty Association. Suddenly, during our conversation, Miss Gonne said:

"'What would you like most?'

"'My freedom,' I replied.

"Miss Gonne did not pursue the subject and shortly afterward left. Some days later, on May 30, 1893, the warden came into my cell, accompanied by the foreman tailor.

"'How are you?' he said. 'About the same.'

"Then he said: 'Take off your prison clothes.'

"It was spoken in the kindest tone I had heard an official use in all those years. Then he went out and locked the door. Ten minutes later he came back. He gave me a civilian's suit. Accompanied by this warden I went to the principal gate of the prison. There I was handed over to the inferior warden, who took me to the railway station and thence to Weymouth, seven miles distant. We left the cars there and I was introduced to Father Joseph Keating and a sister of charity, who told me to enter a second-class carriage. They laid me on the seat and wrapped me in a cloak.

"All this passed like a cloud before me. I was very feeble, so ill, indeed, that my two companions telegraphed to the next station for restoratives in case I collapsed entirely. At Waterloo station I was met by Mr. Morton, member of parliament for Davenport, England, and by Dr. Cassidy. I was driven to the doctor's home, where I was nursed with great kindness. Afterward I stayed a week at Miss Gonne's cottage and was finally taken back to London, where the doctors examined me and said I could stand an ocean voyage. Miss Gonne kindly saw that I reached Southampton and secured cabin passage on the steamer Chester. I attribute my release to her and to Mr. Morton and Father Keating."

Gilbert, or Cunningham, rather, is now fairly on the road to recovery. His face is still pale and emaciated, however, and he will probably never recover completely from his terrible experience.

Napoleon Talks of Waterloo.

The following is an extract from the hitherto unpublished diary of the secretary of the English admiral who conveyed Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena. It is printed in the October *Century:*

Napoleon said many of his officers deserted previous to the battle of Waterloo; and in speaking of the French nation he said that the lower orders of the people were the most sincere, the most firm, and at the same time the best dispositioned in the world; but in the proportion as you rose the class their characters became the worse, and above the bourgeois they were too fickle and too volatile to be at all depended upon. They had one principle for today and another for tomorrow, according to the circumstances of the moment; and he attributed his Waterloo disasters solely to the disaffected officers of his army. In talking of the battle he assured the admiral he had never for a moment mistook the Prussians for Grouchy's division, but that he knew early in the day that the Prussians were closing on his flank; that this, however, gave him little or no uneasiness, as he depended on Gen. Grouchy also closing with him at the same time, and he ordered a sufficient force to oppose the Prussians, who were in fact already checked. And he added that he considered the battle throughout the day to be very much in his favor, but that so soon as it was dusk the disaffected officers promulgated the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" which spread such confusion and alarm throughout his whole line that it became impossible to counteract it, or to rally his troops, situated as they were.

But, he said, had it been daylight an hour longer, he was positive the result would have been very different; he further said that had he been able, when the alarm and confusion first took place, to have placed himself in a conspicuous situation in front, it would have insured the rallying of all his troops around him; but as it was, treachery and darkness combined rendered his ruin inevitable.

He said that on the morning of June 18 he did not entertain the most distant idea that the Duke of Wellington would have willingly allowed him to have brought the English army to a decisive battle, and consequently he had been the more anxious to push on, and if possible to force it, considering nothing else could offer him a chance of surmounting the difficulties with which he was surrounded; but, he added, could he have beaten the English army, he was positive scarcely one would have escaped being either killed or taken, in which case the Prussian army (having been already beaten on the 16th) must have made a precipitate retreat, or most probably would have been dispersed, and certainly entirely disorganized.

It was his intention then to have pushed on by forced marches to have met the Austrians before any junction could have been made between them and the Russians, which would have placed the game in his own hands, even if hostilities had been obstinately persevered in; though in the state of things he had built on the idea that a victory over the English army in Belgium, with its immediate results, would have been sufficient to have produced a change of administration in England, and have afforded him a chance of concluding an armistice, which he said was really his first object, as he felt that France was not equal to the efforts she was then making, and it was perfectly impossible for her to think of making any adequate resistance against the numerous forces of the allies, if once united and acting in concert against him.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued).

Only fourteen days had passed since the disastrous day of Schear-Saullis when Sir Phelim O'Neill's scouts brought to Charlemont the news of the enemy's approach; and very soon afterwards the basnets of the advance guard of Coote's "Lagan Army"—so called from being chiefly recruited on the banks of the Lagan—were seen glinting on either bank of the Blackwater. The Parliamentarian general was determined to follow up his late victory by the capture of what was now the principal Irish stronghold in the North, and Charlemont was speedily beleaguered by many thousand men under the joint command of Coote and Venables. The besiegers were well supplied with both cannon and "bumboes" (as the mortars of the period were termed), their batteries were soon in working order, and a rain of shot and shell descended for weeks on the walls and roofs of the devoted town.

But there were stout hearts and willing hands behind the closely beleaguered walls. Damage was no sooner done than repaired, men were scarcely placed *hors-de-combat* when others willingly took their places; the ordnance on the ramparts, though of an inferior sort, bellowed a bold response to the roar of the battering guns in the hostile trenches, and the presence and example of Sir Phelim animated his valiant men to a determined resistance.

But the struggle seemed a vain and hopeless one—in reality it was so. There was no hope of relief for the doomed town. Five, six weeks the siege was protracted by the Spartan courage and gigantic efforts of the little garrison. By the end of that time there was scarce a habitable house in the town. Perforated roofs, tottering walls, and fallen heaps of debris met the eye on every side, and in the eastern wall gaped a long and level breach. The crisis was at hand.

The morning chosen by Coote for the grand assault was a splendid one in harvest. Placidly and sparklingly the Blackwater glided past the shot-torn walls of the town on its route to the broad Lough Neagh. Fair and green looked the pleasant meadows and swelling hills, and the stately woods bent beneath the weight of their glossy foliage. But the cornfields were trampled into unsightly patches, the crushed and levelled stalks being soddened in many places with gore, while here and there lay the dead bodies of men and horses and an occasional dismounted cannon, relics of the previous day's conflict.

The troop of horse which O'Tracy commanded occupied some ruined houses adjacent to the breach, and from one of those houses he obtained a view of the scene of impending combat, both within and without the walls; within the masked battery, and hastily constructed barricades, and the tottering houses in the shelter of which the Irish soldiers awaited the attack; without the muzzles of the heavy cannon projecting from the besiegers' approaches, the brown mounds of earth, the distant tents, and the fluttering banners.

A long period of painful suspense and expectation preceded the climax of the seige. At length hostilities commenced.

A tremendous roar from the battering guns in the trenches, the springing of a mine with a vivid flash and a mighty shock, the rattle and crash of falling stones and timber, the blending of huge volumes of blinding smoke, and a loud cheer ringing up from the glacis of the fortifications, so commenced the assault. Then forth from the dense curtain of smoke that hung over the breach gleamed the helmets and weapons of the stormers—a picked body of men made up of the dogged English troopers of Venables and Fenwick and the trained and resolute yeomen of the Lagan. Some carried ladders, which they planted against the parts of the wall which were too high to be crossed otherwise, some waved blazing torches wherewith to set fire to the houses occupied by the defenders of the town, and all were variously armed with sword and pike, musketoon and pistol. On they came with a valiant dash and energy that bid fair for success.

"Ready—give fire!" roared a voice hoarse and deep as that of a mountain bull, the voice of Thomas Sandford, the English lieutenant-colonel of Sir Phelim. The command was followed by the roll and patter of a hot fusilade, discharged from the windows and vantage points whence the Irish musketeers took steady aim at their enemies. Numbers of the stormers bit the dust, the main body of them rushed onwards, discharged a few shots, wavered before the galling shower of bullets, and retreated towards the breach amidst the cheers of its defenders. They retreated no further. In to their assistance rushed a powerful force led by Colonel Venables in person, and again the entire attacking party dashed forward to carry the positions of the besieged. Louder and fiercer than ever rang the Irish volleys, the breach and the adjacent spaces were already littered with dead and wounded men, but on dashed the stormers.

Bang! bang! from the cannon of the masked battery. A terrible storm of grapeshot tore through the close masses of the Parliamentarians, a chorus of wild shrieks and cries pealed from the stricken men, the valor and address of Venables and his officers were unable to cope with the confusion among their men—as for Sir Charles Coote "he was all the time as a spectator, smoking tobacco at a distance"—and back pell-mell through the bloody breach retired the discomfited stormers for the second time.

A lull now occurred, but it lasted not very long. The "bumboes" in the trenches opened fire, a shower of bombs whistled like air demons over the heads of the defenders of the town, and in through the breach bounded a fresh and overpowering force of stormers. On they came in gallant, irresistible style. The masked artillery sent its deadly metal through their ranks, but on they dashed, carrying the opposing batteries at a run, storming house after house, giving no quarter, and fighting their way to the heart of the town.

It was at this phase of the fight that O'Tracy caught sight of his mortal foe in the midst of the stormers. A stalwart man in a buff coat, and corselet and casquetel of black iron, was heading a detachment of men similarly uniformed. He at once recognized Gilbert Harrison, and watched him intently till the smoke of the conflict hid him from his sight.

The conflict had now assumed new and appalling terrors. The very women of the town were taking part in the deadly struggle, and their shrill screams were heard at intervals high above all other sounds. In the narrow streets the conflict raged with fearful intensity, for there, from the overhanging windows, scalding water and hot ashes were being thrown down on the stormers' heads by the intrepid females, who, says a narrater of the seige, "more appeared like fighting Amazons than civilized Christians."

Foot by foot the Irish disputed the progress of the stormers, who pressed onwards conscious of their superior strength. The carnage on both sides was dreadful. Corpses lay at every step. The gutters ran with blood. At length a great, vengeful shout ran around the breach as the defenders rushed forward to a last desperate charge—forward with levelled pikes and clubbed muskets, led by their gallant chieftain in person, his reddened sword waving over his head. The terrible climax of the fight had arrived. Close and deadly was that final struggle. Twice in the hot midst of the fray did Edmund meet Harrison face to face, twice their blades clashed togrther in vindictive wrath, and twice were they forced apart by the rush of combatants. By degrees the fiery heroism of the garrison began to tell; by degrees the Parliamentarians lost ground and returned towards the breach. For a few minutes the throng of fighting men, many of whom were quite unable to use their arms on account of the pressure, surged backwards and forwards over the gory heaps of stones and rubbish. Then there was a desperate rush of Sir Phelim's men, a wild shout of mingled triumph and defiance, and the survivors of the attacking party were seen in full retreat to their trenches. Charlemont was saved for the time being.

Saved, but, alas! at what a cost! Of the little garrison there were left only thirty able to bear arms, and the ammunition was all but spent. Of Coote's men, during the siege and storm, no less than five hundred had fallen, "some of which were officers and gentlemen of merit and worth."

The day passed without more fighting after the final repulse of the besiegers, and the cool shades of the autumn night spread over the scene of carnage. Edmund O'Tracy had not escaped unscathed. A chance pike-thrust had plunged deep into the fleshy part of his leg, passing through the leather of his riding boot. However, he had bound a kerchief round the wound, and after a little rest, and partaking of a repast served by the devoted women of the town, he rambled down in the starlight to a survey of the corpse-strewn breach. He was sitting on a fragment of the fallen wall watching the distant campfires of the besiegers, when a gentle touch was laid on his shoulder, and turning he saw the face of Kathleen.

"Ah, colleen machree, is it you?"

"Emon, mavourneen! thank God you are alive!—and Niall?"

"Is safe and well; I parted from him not ten minutes since, and was just going to see how fared it with my little girl—but *m'anam go'n Dhia!*——"

His eager speech ended in a sudden exclamation of alarm, as Kathleen tottered and fell forward. She would have fallen to the ground but that he caught her in his arms, where she lay in a deep swoon. Rising from his seat, he carried her insensible body towards her residence, which was not far off. The journey was a short one, but he stumbled at intervals over a dead body or a heap of debris, and his wounded leg gave him great pain.

On arriving at Kathleen's residence he surveyed the house with dismay, for its aspect was anything but inviting. As it lay in the close vicinity of the breach, it had been the theatre of one of the incidental combats of the day. The ground in front was sloppy with blood, the door lay flat on the floor, having been forced in off its hinges, and the windows on both ground and second floors were smashed to pieces. Seeing light shining through one of the upper window apertures, he entered the house and carried the form of Kathleen upstairs to the room where he had spent more than one pleasant evening in her company. He found the apartment in a sad condition—in a condition which caused him a shudder of horror, hardened as he was by the events of the day. A shell had crashed through the roof, in which a large fissure revealed the star sprinkled heavens, and exploded, doing much damage. On the floor lay the lifeless bodies of two women and a man: the latter he recognized to be a trooper of his own command. Placing the form of Kathleen on the bed, he turned to see whence proceeded the light that had attracted his attention.

Immediately, as if to gratify his curiosity, a dark figure issued from an adjoining room—a figure bearing a long pole to which were appended three lighted lanterns—the figure of a monk. For some moments he watched in silence the movements of the mysterious ecclesiastic, who, unaware of his presence, waved the lanterns from a window.

"Treachery, by heaven!" he ejaculated, under his breath;—"'tis a signal to the enemy."

Rushing at once on the strange monk, he seized him by the habit and pulled back the cowl from over his face. The three lamps fell with a crash on the ground below, but not ere their light revealed the villainous features of the murderer, renegade, and treacherous spy, Emon O'Hugh.

"Base and treacherous scoundrel, you are caught at last."

O'Hugh turned with a start of affright, but in an instant his face assumed the look of a demon. Wrenching himself free from the grasp which held him, he drew a knife from his bosom and lunged at the heart of his assailant. But the wrist of the hand holding the weapon was firmly grasped by O'Tracy, and a desperate struggle commenced.

"Hollo, what have we here?" inquired a deep voice—the voice of Sir Phelim O'Neill himself, as the light of many torches fell on the scene, and a number of armed men filled the room. The combatants were instantly parted.

"My poor colleen!" exclaimed Niall O'Cuirnin, one of the new arrivals, as he raised the form of his sister in his arms. The cool night breeze through the broken window helped to revive her, and she awoke as if from a long sleep, with a faint inquiry as to her whereabouts.

"Explain, Capt. O'Tracy," commanded Sir Phelim.

"This false monk—your foster-brother O'Hugh, general—has been signalling to the enemy;—search him."

"Believe him not! believe not the villain!" cried the traitor.

"What have we here?" inquired a musketeer, as he drew a folded paper from the bosom of the false ecclesiastic, and handed it to the commandant, who opened and read it. I was a certificate of taking what was known as the "Oath of Engagement"—the non-possession of such a document rendering any Irishman afterwards, under the Commonwealth, liable to death or transportation to the colonies—and ran in this form:

"I, Edmund O'Hugh, do hereby declare that I renounce the pretended title of Charles Stuart and the whole line of the late King James, and of every other person pretending to the government of the nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions and territories thereunto belonging; and that I will, by the grace and assistance of Almighty God, be true and faithful to this Commonwealth, against any king, single person, and house of peers, and every one of them, and thereunto I subscribe my name."

"Ha, the Covenanting Oath!" exclaimed O'Neill, "and in the possession of my ruffian foster-brother, for whom the hemp has been in waiting for the last eight years, ever since he murdered Lord Caulfield. Emon, we grew up together in our childhood, we suckled milk from the same breast, and little did I think the day would ever come when my voice should send you to the gallows. But you are a black-hearted ruffian—a murderer—a traitor—a spy—and you shall have shrift only while they are rigging you a halter."

"Mercy, brother, mercy!" groaned the wretched man, falling on his knees.

"Away with him," was the stern command.

Without more ado the soldiers dragged the condemned man out of the house, and in less than ten minutes his body was dangling from a cross-beam that spanned one of the narrow streets.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Ridire na Cleasa.

[AISLEANAMHAIN.]

Thug an Ridire Cormac leis air an luing, no go d-tainig siad chum na h-oite a bh-fuair sé Cormac ó'n athair. Bhi seisean air bhrusch na fairrge agus bhi luthghaire mhór air nuair chonnaire se Cormac. "Seo é do mhac," ar san Ridire, "tá ceird mhaith aige, acht má fhágfaidh tu agam bliadhain eile é, béidh dá cheird aige." "Fágfaidh mé agad é," ar san t-athair, "agus fáilte." Rug an Ridire Cormac air ais leis agus bhi sé ag múnadh draoigheachta dhó go raibh an dara bliadhain criochnuighthe agus bhi fhios ag Cormac nach d-tiódhradh an Ridire a bhaile é, mar nár chuir an t-athair annsan margadh é do thabhairt air ais an dara huair. Anuair nach d-tainig an mac a bhaile ag deireadh na dara bliadhna chuaidh an t-athair dá thóruighseacht. Bhi sé ag sidhbal go d-tainig sé go teach an Ridire agus dubhairt leis, "Cad fá nach d-tug tá mo mhac a bhaile?" "Ni raibh sé ann 'mo mhargadh,', ar san Ridire, "ach tig leat é do bheith agad air maidin amárach." Lá air na mhárach thug an Ridire an t-athair agus an mac leis, gur fhág sé iad air bhruach na fairrge.

Ann sin dubhairt an mac, "Tá rásaidh mór le bheith i nGaillimh amárach, deunfaidh mé capall díom féin go ngnóthuighidh mé uile rása. Cuir uile phighin a thig leat d'fhághail orm; nuair a bheidheas na rásaidh thart tiuofaidh Ridire na Cleasa lé mise do cheannach, geobhfaidh tá dá cheud punt orm; ná agar lé mo shrian, agus béidh me 'sa' m-baile rómhad féin."

Air maidin lá air na mhárach rinne an mac capall de féin, lé diallaid agus lé srian óir, Chuaidh an t-athair ag marcuigheacht air, agus chuaidh chum na rásaidh. Ghnóthuigh sé uile rása, agus fuair an t-athair dá cheud punt air, acht nior sgar sé leis an t-srian, agus bhi an mac san m-baile roimhe.

Lá air na mhárach chuaidh an bheirt go teach an fheilméara, agus d'iarr siad an inghean. "Taisbéan dam bh-fuil ceird ag do mhac" ar san feilméar. Chuadar amach agus rinne an mac teach breágh a raibh ceithre rotha fact. Chuadar uile asteach, agus d'imthigh an teach air na rothaibh mar chóiste mór "Tá mé sásta go bh-fuil ceird ag do mhac," ar san feilméar, "tig leis m'inghean a bheith aige." Pósadh an lánamhain, agus bhi mic agus ingheana go leór annsan teach-air-rothaibh. Chuaidh siad-san an t-áth agus sinne na clochán, baitheadh iad-san agus thainig sinne slán.

[CRIOCH.]

Facts for the Traveling Public.

Emigrants, commercial men, tourists, mariners and miners relating to the preservation of health under conditions unfavorable to it, may be gleaned with profit from the oft published testimony of such persons relating to the protective and remedial qualities of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a very valuable remedy to those who traverse "the briny deep," or are subjected to malarial influences or out door exposure. With as much certainty as Dr. Koch's celebrated lymph destroys the organic microbe, the Bitters counteracts unhealthful germs in malaria-tainted air and brackish water. It prevents and removes disorders caused by poor and unaccustomed food, and restores tranquility to worn out nerves and weary brains. Rheumatism, kidney and liver complaint, cramps, colic and dyspepsia are among the ailments that it subdues.

Niagara Falls.

Next to the World's Fair, all our foreign friends want to see Niagara Falls, and in the minds of many, Niagara Falls is placed first. One of the first questions they ask an American either at home or abroad is about Niagara, but to many of us Niagara Falls is too near. Were it on the other side of the world, thousands of American globe trotters would hasten there, who pass it by now because they can go there any time.

The Michigan Central has made it, perhaps, too easy of access, for its through trains to New York and Boston run directly by and in full view of the great cataract, and those passing by daylight stop five minutes for passengers to view the Falls. The wise traveller, however, will stop over there as long as his time will permit, to view the beauties and the grandeur of the Falls under different aspects and from various points of view. The longer he stops the more he will find to repay him for whatever expenditure of time and money he incurs.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 8:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NOISE.

Aversion to Disturbance Is a Symptom of Neurotic Degeneration.

A woman suffering from neuralgia stations her son to keep boys from making a noise in front of the house. A boy comes by whistling—a performance in which we must recognize a natural, wholesome and boylike act, whereupon there ensues a short, sharp fight between the pair, in which one is accidentally cut. The upshot is not important; the origin of it is.

It has long been usual to accord special privileges to invalids in relieving them against noise. Formerly straw would be strewn in the street, and thousands of persons who were not sick would be inconvienced to ease the pains of one who was. In part, this custom was one of ostentation. It could be practiced only by the influential who were exalted by making themselves a nuisance. When death ensued, a hatchment was set up in the same spirit of vainglory. All the windows in the house were closed for a term, the duration of which was fixed by custom, but which bore a relation to the estate of the deceased and the consequent degree of exaltation descending upon his heirs.

All healthy animals delight in noise. The description includes barbarous folk and children. Dogs bark (curs only sneak off), birds scream, boys shout, girls clap hands to their ears in sweet confusion, horses paw, all animate nature responds to the exhilaration of noise. The sick do not. In every form of sickness the nervous function is deranged. As we have seen above mankind has shown its appreciation of this fact by its customs. Excessive sensibility to noise is thus one symptom of neurotic degeneration. It is the mark of one broad distinction between the state of civilization and its opposite. It testifies to one part of the price which that state exacts from man on his physical side.

Within civilization itself indifference to noise is one of the distinctions of a system rudely healthful, both in body and mind. The converse of this proposition is equally true. Whenever a person displays peculiar sensitiveness to noise we may know that the case is one of an unwholesome mind in an unwholesome body. From the fact that the disturbance is essentially a neurotic one it follows that it is controllable to a great extent by the will. Much of the disturbance that is experienced from noise can be put completely aside by exercise of the will. A barking dog may keep one person awake while his healthier or wiser neighbor sleeps the sleep of the just. Under the pinging of the cable car bells a valetudinarian subsides into frenzy while his younger clerk is lapped in dreams of the equally unconscious typewriter on the next floor. The contrast here need not be one of relative strength of mind merely; one of the two minds is sick.

In such a case the will power is impaired. It would probably be found that the complaining person is also irritable, passionate, perhaps consumed by self contemplation. In many cases of this order relief could no doubt be gained through treatment by suggestion. But in vastly the greater number the patient is competent to minister to himself. He is still capable of exerting the will, and in this exercise lies complete and permanent cure. Furthermore, the cure does not apply alone to the particular noise that may have called for it. It will be found to have influenced the mind permanently. The injurious effects attributed to noise do not proceed from without, but from within. They do not inhere in the aerial vibrations, but in the mental response made to them.

Finally it ought to be observed that the disease is one that increases by being yielded to. The noise that is first noticed as an annoyance in some moment of irritation, anxiety or other nervous disturbance can be nursed into an object of horror. Time was when folks thought sensitiveness to noise to be evidence of high strung character. They were rather proud of it and trotted it forth in public. The world knows better now. It erects hospitals for the Mrs. Wittitterlys, whom it rather admired in Nicholas Nickleby's time. It no longer holds poor Tom of Bedlam for inspired, and since it has learned how much sickness is either a fruit or a phase of ignorance it is getting a little sick of those sick folks, at least of whom it has a right to look for something better.—New York Evening Sun.

Fruit Good at Any Time.

All fruit is said to be most wholesome the first thing in the morning—and surely no fruit is so cleansing and refreshing and very little so delicious at that hour as a big juicy melon, cooled over night and almost cracking open and voluntarily exposing its red heart after the knife has gone partly through it. Such a melon, however, is just as good at other hours in the hot days, for which it seems to be especially provided as a refreshing experience, something more than the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. It is no wonder the southern darkies are so fond of watermelons. In these most trying days of the long summer of the south the melon is more refreshing than chill dewdrops on the early morning grass, and to the overheated, overwearied and thirsty soul a good juicy ripe one "comes home to the business and the bosoms" of darky and white man alike.—Hartford Times.

Easy Tests For Proving a Diamond.

It is an easy matter to detect the difference between a genuine diamond and an imitation. Take a tube of filtered water and drop the stone therein. If it is paste, it can be seen as it passes through the water, but if pure the eye is unable to see it at all. Another test is to place the stone upon a pencil dot made on a piece of white paper. If the dot is duplicated upon the facets you can rest assured that the stone is a fraud, but if not it is a good stone. The common belief that a stone can be tested by filing is erroneous, for the best diamond ever cut will splinter and break when rasped with this instrument.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CONFUSED WITH HYDROPHOBIA.

How the "Acute Mania" Resembles One of the Most Dreaded of All Diseases.

"There has been an unusual number of deaths recently from alleged hydrophobia," said an insanity expert to a Star reporter yesterday. "However, we 'mad doctors' do not share the popular belief respecting that complaint.

"I was called in the other day to attend the case of a young woman who was dying with all the symptoms of so called hydrophobia. She was in convulsions. When offered water in a tin receptacle, she bit right through the sheet metal. She barked now and then like a dog and frothed at the mouth.

"The average general practitioner would have diagnosed the case as hydrophobia off hand. But there was one objection to that theory—the patient had never been bitten by a dog or by any other animal unless it were an insect. Not only was there no question of mad dog, but there was no dog at all in the 'history' of the disease. The latter was nothing more nor less than what the insanity specialist terms 'acute mania.'

"Acute mania is a complaint which manifests itself in all of the symptoms which are commonly attributed to hydrophobia. The patient is thrown into convulsions at the sight not only of water but of food, such manifestations varying in different cases. Barking like a dog, frothing at the mouth and biting at whatever is within reach are quite usual. The unfortunate must be served with both food and water in tin receptacles to avoid danger. In nine cases out of ten death ensues.

"Is there no danger, then, in being bitten by a rabid dog? Certainly there is—very great danger. What is the matter with such a dog? He is attacked by a disease—the familiar complaint called 'septicæmia,' or blood poisoning. His bite is likely to communicate blood poisoning to the person bitten. It is a serious and often fatal complaint. Sometimes it happens that the individual bitten receives so severe a shock from the fright that the nervous system is upset.

"In such a case acute mania may set in. To bring that about the dog need not be rabid. To speak more accurately, it need not be suffering from blood poisoning. It may be perfectly healthy, and yet the fright occasioned by its bite may induce the dangerous nervous trouble of which I speak. I think that I have made myself clear. Take particular notice of the fact that acute mania may be brought on by a variety of causes independent of the canine species. But if the patient has happened at any time previous to be bitten by a dog the trouble is at once attributed to that, and the cry of hydrophobia is raised.

"Now, I will venture to say that one person out of every three receives at some time in his or her life a wound, slight or otherwise, from the teeth of a dog. Frequently such injuries are inflicted by playful puppies or otherwise accidentally. When you consider that this animal is the intimate friend and constant companion of man, it is hardly surprising that such should be the fact. You say that you yourself have been slightly bitten on two occasions. Suppose, as is quite possible, that you were taken with acute mania, barking like a dog, foaming at the mouth and exhibiting a disposition to bite. Would not your afflicted relations refer the symptoms to one of those dog bites? Of course they would. If you died, you would be advertised in the newspapers as a victim of hydrophobia.

"What I tell you is not merely a theory of my own. It represents the belief of experts in nervous diseases generally."—Washington Star.

Space.

The human mind usually reaches a degree of maturity before it grasps the general idea of space, but a little 8-year-old Philadelphia girl is more precocious.

A few days ago in the midst of her play she became thoughtful, and after a few moments broke out:

"Mamma, what is it that things are in?"—Youth's Companion.

Until about a hundred years ago burial in coffins was by no means universal. In early times corpses were merely wrapped in linen shrouds.

Very few can reach deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves.



HELP IS WANTED

by the women who are ailing and suffering, or weak and exhausted. And, to every such woman, help is *guaranteed* by Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For young girls just entering womanhood; women at the critical "change of life"; women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run-down" or overworked, it is a medicine that builds up, strengthens, and regulates, no matter what the condition of the system.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nervine, and the only *guaranteed* remedy for "female complaints" and weaknesses. In bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



DEATH'S AWFUL WORK.

NEAR A SCORE OF PEOPLE SLAIN ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

The Disaster Occurred in Jackson, Mich., While the First Section of the Train Was Stopping for Breakfast—The Engineer of the Second Section Could Not Stop His Train and the Crash Resulted.

JACKSON, Mich., Oct. 13.—One section of a World's fair train on the Michigan Central road crashed into the rear of another at this place, causing a frightful loss of life and a long list of injured. Both trains were from the east and heavily loaded. The first train had stopped here for breakfast and the second train crashed into the rear coach, the brakes failing to work. Nine cars were wrecked. Hundreds of people were aboard the two trains and they were wedged in in all kinds of shapes. Some of the cars were not badly enough wrecked to kill any of the people on board them, and it is miraculous, considering the shape the cars were left in that any at all escaped without injury in some of the cars.

The Engine Was Reversed.

The division superintendent says he found the engine reversed, thus corroborating the engineer. President Ledyard was on the scene and he makes the following report to General Superintendent Miller of Detroit:

"The Delaware, Lackawanna and West. ern excursion train was standing at Jackson for breakfast, the semaphore signal protecting it. This train was followed by a New York Central excursion train. The engineer of the second train tried his brakes at Jackson Junction and they worked all right. When he saw the semaphore set against him he put on his brakes but they failed to work. He then called for brakes, and the conductor tried the automatic brakes on one of the coaches and that also failed to work. The New York Central excursion train ran into the rear of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, telescoping two coaches, killing twelve people, injuring five seriously and fifteen not very seriously."

Corrected List of Victims.

The correct list of dead and wounded is as follows: The dead are: Mrs. G. W. Gilmore, Morris Run, Pa.; Mrs. Charles Starr, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W. Beardsley, Canton, Pa.; Mrs. J. H. Keeler, Hammondsport, N. Y.; Mrs. Boyd Woodbury, Bath, N. Y.; Mrs. D. J. Gibbs, Wheeler, N. Y.; Miss Harriet Breeze, Pine City, N. Y.; Miss Maggie McMaster, Penn Yan, N. Y.; George Huffman, Saranac, N. Y.; James Woodbury, Bath, N. Y.; G. W. Gilmore, Morris Run, Pa.; infant child of Mrs. Anson Harrington, Elmira, N. Y.

The injuries of the following are possibly fatal: Mrs. Alfred Searles, Elmira, N. Y., injured internally; Mrs. Anson Harrington, Elmira, N. Y., leg broken and ankle broken, injured internally; Miss Blanche Beardsley, Canton, Pa., badly cut about head and face, leg injured and skull fractured; Miss Alice Harris, Canton, Pa., injured internally; Miss Maud Bentley, Canton, Pa., injured about back and internally; Miss Johannah Healey, Morris Run, Pa., right arm crushed and both legs broken; Miss Sarah A. Keller, Hammondsport, N. Y., leg broken, injured internally.

The following will recover: Mrs. Herbert Gardner, Horseheads, N. Y., head bruised; Mrs. S. Donavan, Morris Run, N. Y., chest bruised and hip injured; Mrs. M. C. Crise, Canton, Pa., face badly scratched; Mrs. C. W. Fay, Elmira, N. Y., badly bruised and scratched; Mrs. G. W. Graham, New York city; Mrs. J. A. Burlingame, East Springfield, N. Y.; Mrs. J. M. Anderson, Morris Run, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Wakefield, Elmira, N. Y., face badly cut; Miss Kate Healey, Morris Run, Pa., bruised on body; Miss E. A. Dolmetch, Elmira, N. Y.; W. R. Humphrey, Chenango, N. Y., left arm broken twice and right arm cut; Frank Froley, Columbia Cross Roads, Pa., badly scratched; William Whalen, engineer, Jackson, Mich., right leg broken and chest and leg bruised.

THE AMERICA CUP SAFE.

Yacht Vigilant Wins the Third Race from the Valkyrie.

SANDY HOOK, Oct. 13.—The third race for the America's cup between the Vigilant and Valkyrie, postponed from Wednesday, was started at 12:27, with the Vigilant leading. The wind was blowing thirty miles an hour from the east. At 11:30 the danger signal was set at the signal station, but notwithstanding this both yachts put up a great amount of canvas and kept up their topsails. It was plain both boats intended to strain every point in the contest. The course was the same as that of Wednesday—fifteen miles to windward and return. The race was a lively one from start to finish, but the spectators could not see all of it owing to the heavy mist. When the start for home was made the Valkyrie was considerably in the lead, but the Vigilant finally overhauled her, crossing the finishing line at 3:51. The Valkyrie crossed at 3:52:45. This ends the international races for this time and the America cup is safe on this side for another year.

Fireman Instantly Killed.

CONNEAUT, O., Oct. 16.—Nickel Plate passenger train No. 3 ran into some empty box cars blown from a siding on to the main track at Hamburg, a short distance this side of Buffalo. Fireman J. B. Lane of this place was instantly killed, and Engineer George Henry received injuries which will probably prove fatal.

Flames in a University.

VERMILLION, S. D., Oct. 16.—The central building of the State university here burned, entailing a loss of over $100,000. Two students were injured by jumping from windows. The library, containing valuable books, was a total loss. Recitations will be in temporary quarters until some action is taken by the board of directors.

Horseflesh Worth $15,000 Lost.

INDEPENDENCE, Ia., Oct. 16.—A fatal accident occurred to Memento Wilkes, by Red Wilkes, dam by Almond. The valuable animal while crossing the railroad track got his foot caught in a rail and was killed by an on-coming train.

Fever Report from Brunswick.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Oct. 16.—Following is the yellow fever report: New cases, 14 whites; negroes, 18; total cases under treatment, 138; discharged, 140; died, 21. Total, 309. Ratio of mortality 5.2 per cent.

Seventeen Horses Cremated.

TARKIO, Mo., Oct. 16.—Fire destroyed a livery stable and seventeen horses and four stores and dwellings.

THREW UP THE SPONGE.

Repealers Could Not Stand the Strain in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—After a continuous session of thirty-eight hours and forty minutes Senator Voorhees, leading the repeal forces, was compelled by the inability of his followers to longer stand the terrible strain to capitulate, temporarily at least, by yielding to an adjournment. He had been trying all night to induce the silver men to allow the senate to take a recess and thus keep the legislative day which began Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock alive. But the obstinate silverites would accept only adjournment, and at 1:40 a. m., after the quorum had been twice broken for over an hour, he reluctantly threw up the sponge. This forces the repealers to relinquish the ground they secured and begin all over again if the attempt to secure a vote by brute force is to be attempted once more.

Voorhees and Palmer and other administration men claim that the adjournment does not necessarily mean the abandonment of the fight. The silver senators and compromise men jubilantly assert that the victory is theirs, that unconditional repeal is dead absolutely, and that nothing remains but compromise, and compromise, the indications are it will be, along the line of the Harris amendment. The salient points of the Harris amendment are a bond issue; coin the $50,000,000 of Sherman law silver seigniorage now in the treasury at 16 to 1 at $300,000 per month; to contine thereafter buying silver and coining an unnamed amount—to be later inserted every month, to recoin all gold smaller than $10 into eagles; retire all bills smaller than $10. The effect of the bill would be to force the use of silver dollars in all of the small transactions of business.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—The eleventh week of the session opened with a large attendance of senators—all the leaders of the forces on either side of the silver fight being in their places and holding conferences.

The house then resumed the consideration of the McCreary bill to amend the Geary law.

At 3 o'clock, according to the special order, the house proceeded to vote on the McCreary bill and amendments thereto. The bill was passed by the house without the yeas and nays, the vote by tellers standing—yeas 178, nays 1.

JUSTICE BROWN HURT.

An Artery in His Head Cut During a Severe Storm.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—The storm was very severe in Washington and the damage great. Associate Justice Brown of the supreme court had an artery in his head cut by a plate glass window which was blown in at his residence and came very near bleeding to death before medi-



HENRY BILLINGS BROWN.

cal assistance could be obtained to tie the artery. He is now out of danger, but will be confined to the house for some days. The walls of the new Calvary Baptist church blew down, fortunately without injuring anybody.

Damage to police and fire-alarm service was greater than ever known before. The city lay all night at the mercy of a fire with a gale of unequalled violence blowing. The tide on the river rose to an unprecedented hight. Considerable injury was done along the wharves. Trees were blown in every direction, and in some instances delayed the traffic on the street railroads for hours. The Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies suffered greatly from the storm. Both companies were obliged to refuse business to all points, the only wires that worked satisfactorily being those running to Baltimore.

STREET CAR HORSES ROASTED.

Fire Causes the Death of 461 Animals at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—Out of 468 horses which were safely stabled at 6 o'clock in the evning in the street car barns of the Chicago City Railway company, at Thirty-ninth and Wallace streets, only seven went out with the cars next morning. The rest lie dead, a smoking, blackened heap, as a result of a fire which broke out early in the evening and was only prevented from being a conflagration by the labored efforts of the boys of hook, hose and ladder and the fact that the great building in which it started was touched nowhere by the walls of other houses. Had either of these been wanting the loss would have been expressed in seven figures. As it is the damage done was over $100,000, and the loss to the south side corporation on account of the complete stoppage of traffic on several lines at the time in the the evening when travel is heaviest, a considerable sum which cannot be well approximated in figures.

Blew Out the Gas.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—Miss Jennie Mullen of Lisbon Center, N. Y., niece of James Mullen of Ogdensburg, N. Y., a carriage manufacturer and exhibitor at the World's fair, was found dead in bed at her boarding house on Forty-third street. Her sister, Mrs. F. A. Moore, lay by her side unconscious, but it is thought she will recover. The ladies had blown out the gas.

Two People Drowned.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Oct. 16.—During the storm Miss May Coffroth of near Romney, W. Va., and her little neice Edith, daughter of Hon. A. H. Coffroth of Somerset, Pa., tried to cross the little Cacapon river in a buggy which was overturned and both were drowned.

Costly Residence Destroyed.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 16.—The handsome residence of H. D. Clark, owner of the recently burned Ninth Street theater, who is now in Chicago, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $30,000. Mrs. Clark, who was alone with two small children, had a narrow escape.

TALK FOR FARMERS

Secretary Morton's Advice to the Soil-Tiller.

FOES THAT ARE TO BE AVOIDED.

Among Them the Alliance and the Grange, According to the Nebraska Statesman—Opening of the Farmers' Congress at Chicago—A Suggestion as to Literature—What Is Necessary for the Perpetuation of Democratic Government.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—Over 500 delegates participated in the opening sessions of the World's Congress of Agriculture at the Art institute. The exercises were held in the Hall of Columbus, and as the World's Congress of Women's Christian Temperance Union occupied the Hall of Washington across the corridor more of less confusion of a humorous nature occurred, at intervals the ladies of the white ribbon finding themselves among the agriculturalists and some of the latter rounding up among the temperance advocates. Matters were finally adjusted, however, by the display of big signs, through which medium the horny handed farmers and the ladies found their respective locations in peace and happiness. Most of the delegates to the agricultural congress were designated by the governors of states and territories, and every section of the country is well represented.

What the Congress Will Discuss.

Its deliberations will extend over several days, and in its several departments it will discuss good roads, household economics, farm life, forestry, ornithology, veterinary surgery, mental culture, drainage, and numerous other topics. The welcoming session was held in the afternoon, but the formal organization of the congress took place at night. Hon. Samuel W. Allerton presided. Among those on the platform were Secretary of Agriculture Morton; Professor Elliott Coues; Milton George; Chief Buchanan, of the World's fair; Hon. B. Fernow, chief of the division of forestry of the United States department of agriculture, and the secretaries of several state boards of agriculture.

Morton Talks About the Farmer.

Chairman Allerton opened the session with a review of the various subjects to be considered during the week, and then a hearty reception was accorded Mr. J. Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture. In his address, which was not directed to any set topic, he said among other things: "During the late perturbations in the field of finance and commerce the farmers of this country have suffered less than any other class. In their homes the sheriff has appeared but seldom. Among their farms no processions of the unemployed have marched. All through these last six months the farmer has furnished few failures, less of protested paper and least of want of all the employments of humanity in this great republic. But the American farmer has foes to contend with.

The Foes of the Granger.

"The most insidious and destructive foes to the farmer is the professional farmer, the promoter of Granges and Alliances, who for political purposes farms the farmer. It is true that American farm life is isolated, and that in the newer sections there is too little of social pleasure and festivity, but my hope for the future of the farmer is not based on gregariousness. He will not succeed better by forming Granges and Alliances—which generally seek to attend to some other business than farming, and frequently propose to run railroads and banks, and even propose to establish new systems of coinage for the government—than he will by individual investigations of economic questions.

HIS IDEA OF FARM LITERATURE.

Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and a Metropolitan Daily.

"Humanity generally, and the farmer particularly, has no enemy equal in efficiency for evil to ignorance; therefore each tiller of the soil should investigate for himself various methods of cultivating lands, of producing good crops, and of securing remunerative markets. The one book which I can recommend the farmers for their perusal is Adams Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' I would also have, if possible, a daily newspaper from a great city at every fireside. The daily newspaper is an educator, because it leads out into full view every morning all the markets of the world. It turns the light upon all the causes of the fluctuating markets. It constantly illustrates the terse truthfulness of that great sentence in modern political economy: 'A market for products is products in market.'

Less legislation and more learning, less gregariousness and more individuality, less dependence upon associations with the alliances and the granges and more self-relying independence based upon acquired facts—is a fair statement of the necessities of the American farmers. His present condition and his future is surely an enviable one compared with that of all the other pursuits of the people. Society should let the distribution of property alone. The only proper function of government is the conservation of life, liberty and property. The home habit and the custom of conserving homes—in short the love of home and land is the basis of public tranquility, prosperity and safety.

"Permanent homes for all people and as many of those homes in the country as possible are the best instrumentalities for strengthening and perpetuating popular government. There must be a recession from city to rural life in the United States during the decade beginning with 1894; a readjustment—rather a reapportionment—of population between city and country in the United States is demanded to insure the safety of the republic. Love of home is primary patriotism. No conspiracies, no anarchy is evolved from the quiet homes of the country, and to them and the sincere love of them the friends of democratic government must look for the preservation and perpetuation of civil liberty in America."

Secretary Morton was repeatedly interrupted by applause. William Ball, of Michigan, spoke upon the agricultural situation; Colonel J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, on the relations of the farmer and agriculture to other classes and industries; Colonel J. M. Jones, of Idaho, upon comparative agriculture and irrigation, and Hon. Mortimer Whitehead, of Washington, upon the educational and social features of farm organization.

Attendance at the Fair.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—There were 234,405 paid admissions at the fair yesterday. As nearly 40,000 of these were children at 10 cents each the day cannot be set down as a red letter day in the matter of cash.

DEAN RICHMOND LOST.

PROPELLER FOUNDERS AND EIGHTEEN PEOPLE ARE DROWNED.

Several Bodies Already Recovered—The Shore of Lake Erie Near Dunkirk, N. Y., Strewn with the Wreckage of the Ill-Fated Vessel.

BUFFALO, Oct. 16.—The propeller Dean Richmond foundered in the terrible gale that swept over Lake Erie and the entire crew—eighteen persons—are supposed to have been drowned. The shore of the lake near Dunkirk is strewn for miles with wreckage. Thus far several bodies have been recovered from the waves. The vessel belonged to the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City line and was bound for Buffalo from Toledo with a cargo of eighty tons of merchandise.

Captain Lalake of the Helena brought the first news of the wreck, reporting that the had sighted the Richmond in distress off Long Point. Captain Jack Tierney reported a little later that he sighted the vessel disabled about four miles this side of Erie. The initial word of the disaster was soon confirmed by the wreckage, known to be from the Richmond, that was washed in. The body of A. B. Dodge of Toledo was the first found and soon afterward the bodies of two sailors were washed in. All the bodies had life-preservers on. There is no life-saving station at Dunkirk and it is thought unlikely that a single member of the crew survived.

List of the Crew.

The crew of the Richmond was as follows: Therman Beathan, fireman, residence unknown; George Boysen, second mate, East Toledo; J. E. Brady, wheelman, residence unknown; A. B. Dodge, second cook, Toledo; Mrs. Retta Ellsworth, stewardess, Rylmar, Ont.; Frank Earnest, lookout, North Toledo; Jacob Earnest, deckhand, Toledo; —— Evans, chief engineer, shipped at Toledo; Walter Goodyear, first mate, Ottawa Lake, Mich.; Frank Hilton, second engineer, Port Huron; Samuel Meadows, wheelman, Toledo; Frank Patton, deck hand, residence unknown; George M. Schilling, porter, Toledo; George W. Stoddard, captain, Toledo; E. Wheeler, lookout, Toledo; William Zink, deckhand, Toledo; unknown man, deckhand, shipped at Buffalo.

Several Bodies Found.

More bodies of the Richmond's crew have been found. One is that of a woman. Four of those identified are: Frank Patton, A. B. Meadows, wheelman, and Hodge, the fireman. The woman was identified as Ella Ellsworth. It is believed the remainder of the bodies are between here and Silver Creek, and tugs are out searching in that vicinity. Among the bodies found were those of Captain Stoddart and Mate Boylessen. The captain's watch had stopped at 12:20 o'clock, showing that to have been about the time the steamer went down. In the mate's pocket were found all his papers, which indicates there was no hope of saving the steamer, and he had prepared to leave her. A lighter and pile-driver are ashore between here and Battery point, and it is supposed that the crews were drowned. Nothing has been heard of them up to the present time.

WORST STORM IN YEARS.

Schooner Annie Sherwood Lost—The Captain Dies of Exposure.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—Every hour of the day has added to the list of disasters on the lakes in the terrific storm. Many boats are reported lost beyond all question, many others are missing, while the list of the dead grows every hour. Marine men say the destructive fury of the storm has not been equaled in twenty-five years. The schooner Annie Sherwood, which, with the Fanny Neil, was in tow of the steamer White and Friant, was reported lost. The schooners were en route from Washburn to Chicago with lumber. The severity of the storm broke the tow lines and left all three vessels at the mercy of the wind and waves.

The Sherwood was soon a complete wreck. Her cabin was washed away early in the morning, and then the crew took to shelter in her lumber cargo, but this was of little protection during the night. Captain Guthrie died from exhaustion, while James Cousins, a sailor, was dashed against the lumber and killed. His body was penned up by the lumber and could not be extricated. Finally the crew abandoned the wreck and were picked up seven miles southeast of Caribou island by the steamer Sitka and taken to Sault Ste. Marie.

THE CAPTAIN ALONE ESCAPED.

Loss of the Schooner Minnehaha and Five of Her Crew.

MANISTEE, Mich., Oct. 16.—The four-masted schooner Minnehaha went ashore in the gale at Arcadia, twenty miles north of Manistee. All on board, six persons—except the captain, William Packer, were lost. The dead are as follows: John Rafferty, mate; Martin Rafferty, his son; Mary Keefe, cook; Olaf Peterson, sailor; Brennan, sailor. All of these hail from Cleveland. Captain Packer swam ashore with the help of a plank, a distance exceeding a mile. The sailors also attempted the perilous journey, but became exhausted and were drowned.

Only Three of Crew Saved.

PORT ROWAN, Ont., Oct. 16.—The barge Wocoken of Cleveland foundered here during the storm. The vessel was loaded with coal and bound down. Only three persons were saved and fourteen others lost. Those taken from the rigging by the life boat are Jay P. Sapp, J. A. Rice of Cleveland, and Robert Crowding of Delaware.

Costly Fire at Detroit.

DETROIT, Oct. 16.—The principal concerns who suffered by fire and the mounts of their losses are as follows: Harmonie Hall association, loss, $32,000, insurance $24,000; Boydell Bros.' paint factory, loss $100,000; insurance, $65,000; Globe Tobacco works, loss $50,000, insurance $55,000; Eagle Paper Box company, loss $15,000, insurance $10,000. The body of George Boehnlein, who lost his life in the ruins of Harmonie hall, was recovered.

Bismarck Improving Daily.

BERLIN, Oct. 16.—Prince Bismarck is improving daily. He is receiving hundreds of congratulatory telegrams from Germans abroad, many coming from America.

Made a Haul of $1,200.

MALVERN, Ark., Oct. 16.—The ticket office of the Iron Mountain railway at this place was entered by burglars and robbed of $1,200.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE.

Matters of Interest to Our Own People Which Have Happened During the Past Week Placed in a Column Where They Can Be Readily Referred To.

MONTICELLO, Ills., Oct. 12.—Miss Mollie Smith, aged 25, daughter of Joseph Smith at Bethany, had never been able to talk, having no palate. Her father recently took her to Chicago, where a physician undertook to make a palate for her. Miss Smith boarded with Mrs. Wiley, an acquaintance, and one day in going to the doctor's office she got on a street car which went in the wrong direction, and when she got off the car she was lost. Being unable to talk she could not ask her way or tell where she wanted to go. She had never been in Chicago before, and had never learned to write. She was taken for a crazy woman and fell into the hands of the police. They locked her up, where she remained over night. This so preyed upon her mind that she became insane. Mrs. Wiley made a search for the girl and through the police found her hopelessly insane at the jail. Miss Smith was taken to her home two weeks ago, but continued to grow worse and died.

Illinois' Statue of Gen. Shields.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—A large bronze statue of General James Shields, which has been on exhibition in the Illinois building at the World's fair grounds, has caused considerable friction between its sculptor, Leonard W. Volk, and Director General Davis, the difficulty being settled by Volk obtaining a writ of replevin and having the statue removed from the Illinois building by the sheriff. It was ordered by the state of Illinois and will be put in statuary hall in the national Capitol. Volk wanted to get the statue away before the rush for transportation began. It is now at Grand Crossing, where it will be burnished and then sent to Washington.

Faith Curist Stewart Suspended.

MONMOUTH, Ills., Oct. 13.—Rev. J. G. Stewart was suspended from the ministry of the United Presbyterian church by the Monmouth Presbytery, after all the testimony was in. Stewart is a firm believer in the doctrine of divine healing, and has improved every opportunity in his work to preach it, and one of the charges was that he would promise a paster, in whose church he was to hold a revival, not to preach faith cure doctrine and then violate his promise. He gave notice of appeal to the synod of Illinois, which meets at Hanover next week.

Deed of an Insane Man.

JOLIET, Ills., Oct. 16.—Captain William C. Hale, an old and wealthy citizen, became insane and after wandering around the house all night procured a pair of sheats, which he used in making twenty wounds in his wife's body. It is impossible for her to recover. He then barricaded himself in the cellar, where he stabbed himself more than one hundred times, his body being one mass of wounds. His death is hourly expected.

Fire at La Harpe, Ills.

LA HARPE, Oct. 16.—Fire has consumed nearly an entire block of business houses on the south side of Main street. The Masonic temple, in which the flames started, and the Union block were among the buildings destroyed. The loss is about $25,000 and these persons were injured: John H. Sea, crushed by a falling wall, will recover; J. E. Williams, pinned by falling wall and badly bruised, will recover.

Drank a Pint of Paregoric.

MONMOUTH, Ills., Oct. 16.—A man claiming to be Mike Gorman, the son of Charles Gorman, a wealthy merchant of Peoria, was found in a hallway suffering from the effects of about a pint of paregoric. He was first thought to be dead, but signs of life were afterwards discovered and a physician worked with him for some time and he will possibly recover.

Flames at Freeport, Ills.

FREEPORT, Oct. 12.—At 2:39 in the morning Devore & Patterson's large building on Stephenson street was entirely destroyed by fire. The third floor was used as a lodging house. Brakeman Edward Jordan of the Illinois Central, and Aaron Dunaway, were fearfully burned about their faces and hands. The loss on building is about $50,000; partially insured.

Captured a Nude Would-Be Suicide.

GODFREY, Ills., Oct. 16.—A perfectly nude man was captured on the grounds of the Monticello cemetery. He had a severe knife-wound in his throat, the result of an attempt at suicide. Physicians pronounce him insane. His name is James Burnes, of Baltimore.

Belden Goes to Kankakee.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—Cassius Belden, who created such a furore some days ago by shooting into the board of trade pit and wounding three people, has been consigned to the Kankakee insane asylum by Judge Brown.

Four Boys Boys Burned to Death.

MINOT, N. D., Oct. 16.—The house of George Kosmaski, living six miles east of here, was burned and four sons, aged 15, 12, 10 and 8 were cremated. The boys were sleeping up stairs. Two men were occupying the same room, both of whom escaped. The father endeavored to take one boy out of the window, but frantic with pain he drew back and perished. The fire is reported as of incendiary origin.

Union Pacific Receivers.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—The Boston News bureau says: President S. H. H. Clark and Vice President Oliver Mink have been appointed at Omaha receivers for the Union Pacific railroad system. A third receiver will also be appointed. The company has no floating debt, but the earnings are not sufficient at present to meet the interest on the company's bonds.

Smothered at a Hotel.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—William Jackson, a colored porter, was smothered by smoke in a fire which broke out in the basement of the Parkside hotel. Jackson slept in the basement and was found, after the fire had been extinguished, lying unconscious in bed. He died shortly after being removed. The damage to the basement is trifling.

Wife Kills Her Husband.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—George Dunn, an engineer at the Marlborough hotel, died from injuries received at the hands of his wife. He came home and found her intoxicated. A quarrel followed and Mrs. Dunn attacked him with a hammer, fracturing his skull in twenty-six places.

THE NEWS CONDENSED

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Charles Boynton, an Illinois Central fireman, leaned from his engine near Freeport, Ills., and was struck by a bridge and killed.

Mrs. Frank Rice of Yellville, Ark., shot her 6-year-old son dead with a revolver she did not know was loaded.

Ole Olsen, a deaf mute, and Arthur Hohanttanor, 20 years of age, were kiled on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The latter was stealing a ride on the brake rods.

H. C. Tyler made a quarter mile standing start on the second trial at Hampden park, Springfield, Mass., in 29 1-5, breaking E. A. Nelson's record of 30 1-5 made at Hartford in July.

John Davis, a negro, was shot to death in Kenny county, Ala., for attempting to assault a white woman.

John Woods, a farmer near Tipton, Nev., was butted by a pet ram and received injuries from which he died.

Edward Hughes, a farmer of Hume, Ills., killed himself with morphine. The cause assigned is inebriety and jealousy.

* * *

Francis Murphy, the temperance worker, induced 1,500 people to sign the pledge at Tuscola, Ills.

Nathan Manfield, a farmer, drank whisky supposed to have been poisoned at St. Elmo, Ills., and is dead.

Harley Drake was acquitted by a jury at Brazil, Ind., of the charge of assaulting a girl student in the school of which he was a teacher.

There is an epidemic of diphtheria at East Liberty, O., and the authorities are unable to control the disease. Many people are leaving town.

Thomas Armstrong of Maxico, Mo., was killed near Wellsville by being thrown from a cart in a runaway.

Mrs. Anna Thompson was killed by a freight train on the Big Four at Lena, Ind.

Delegates from four states are attending the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the grand lodge of colored Masons at Galesburg, Ills.

Ex-Congressman Owen Scott purchased The Odd Fellows' Herald of Charles F. Mansfield of Mansfield, Ills. He will move the plant to his home town, Bloomington, Ills., where it will hereafter be published.

* * *

Barney Stewart, a lawyer of Wakarusa, Ind., fell from a tree and sustained injuries which will prove fatal.

Diphtheria is making alarming progress in West Superior, Wis., and the Chippewa valley district.

Tom Toback, the third man charged with the bank robbery at Halsted, Minn., has been captured near Iola, Wis.

Rio Grande Western railroad has reduced wages 10 per cent.

Suicides: At Akron, O., Richard Haylock, by hanging. At Council Bluffs, Ia., Frank Louz, restaurantaur, by shooting.

Joseph Hendely, a miner, was so badly crushed by falling slate at Boyd, Ind., that he will die.

John A. King of Des Moines, Ia., was found dead on the railroad track. Indications are that the young man met with foul play.

The Toledo schools have closed for the remainder of the week in order to give teachers and pupils an opportunity to see the fair.

Whitecaps are serving notices on gin ners and oil mill men at Roanoke, W. Va.

* * *

George Waterworth has been arrested at La Salle, Ills., charged with a daring robbery at Ballard, Ills., some time ago.

Myrtle Wickoff and James Hall attempted to cross the Rock Island track, near Cincinnati, Ia., in front of a train. Hall and both horses were killed and Wickoff sustained severe injuries.

Harry Roman of Oshkosh, sentenced for life from Waupun, Wis., for murder, has been pardoned. He has served twenty years.

Sheriff Scott of Terre Haute, Ind., went to sleep on a train while taking a prisoner to the penitentiary and the latter escaped.

Mose Schwartz of Louisville, Ky., has been sued by the German Security bank, charged with concealing negotiable securities.

Judge Ross, of the United States court at Los Angeles, Cal., sentenced two more Chinamen to be deported.

The Mercantile Trust company of St. Louis, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, has decided to wind up its affairs and go out of business.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with Captain Kindersley, have left Queenstown for Chicago.

* * *

Charles Kahler was arrested at Forest, Ills., charged with perjury in swearing that his young bride, Alice White, was 18 years of age.

The sixteen Tennessee militiamen accused of lynching Richard Drummond at Coal Creek have been released on bonds.

Thomas Davidson, Jr., of Allen county, Ind., has been sentenced to life imprisonment for killing his uncle.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'



Mrs. Paisley.

I was badly affected with Eczema and Scrofula Sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—M. Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Sinbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Brother John."

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Lady Windermere's Fan."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

LORD MAYOR SHANKS BLESSES THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Lord Mayor Shanks, of Dublin, is, evidently, a good-natured gentleman, whose Irishism is making a strong battle with imperialism in his bosom. Although, personally, a very worthy man, it seems to us, if we are to judge by the lord mayor's speech, at the heel of the hunt, during the banquet given to representatives of all nations by the World's Fair officials the other evening, that his political education, at least, has been greatly neglected. Among the oratorical tapers which failed to burn on that occasion, was a Mr. Hovey, and in the "wee sma'" hours of the morning, Director General Davis introduced Lord Mayor Shanks to fill the great void occasioned by Mr. Hovey's absence. Indeed, the lord mayor ought to have been placed on the regular programme among the other celebrities, such as Mr. Hovey for instance, in the first place, but this courtesy to him, as the official representative of the metropolis of Ireland, was strangely neglected by the managers of the feast. In reading over the lord mayor's speech, THE CITIZEN is obliged to conclude that the viands, of which the right honorable gentleman partook, generated an uncontrolable flatulency, and, reduced to plain English, his "effort" was as follows:

DIRECTOR GENERAL AND GENTLEMEN: My name is not upon the list and I find tonight on consulting the toast list of the banquet of the commissioners and the directory of the World's Fair that we have a toast upon the list entitled "Great Britain and Her Colonies." Gentlemen, in Europe we have no nation of that name. We do talk in Europe of Great Britain and Ireland and her colonies, but we never talk of Great Britain and her colonies. (Applause and cheers.) No official document leaves the headquarters of the British empire at Westminster with such a superscripture at its head. Great Britain and Ireland and Her Colonies. That is the head. (Applause and cheers.) Great Britain is presided over by our precious Queen, God bless her, Queen Victoria (cheers), and I am surprised that our American kinsmen should consider Ireland to have sunk so low that although she is a ruling nation in her own right she has forfeited all right of sovereignty in this world. Gentlemen, I consider it a privilege and a pride to speak tonight in this attenuated assembly (cries of "No, no!") not to the thousands, but to the scores of gentlemen who have remained to this early hour of the morning. I regard the occasion as unique. I know that the world is represented here not in any ordinary acceptation of the term, but the world in its widest acceptation, the whole world is represented here (cheers), and I am proud, to stand here tonight and to say for the country which sent me here in response to the invitation of the executive of this Exposition—I am proud to stand here and say that Ireland, like Scotland six centuries ago, stands today where she stood six centuries ago, and where she means to stand in close proximity to the British empire, meaning to take her share of fortune with that great empire, to have her share in that great empire as she has her share in this great American republic. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I am sorry that while the State of Nevada and the State of California and the State of Wisconsin and the State of Ohio are represented in this great World's Fair Ireland is not represented. (A voice. "She is, in the Midway Plaisance.") We have the British parliament voting half a million dollars or less for a representation of British industries at the Fair, and Ireland is to come in at the tail. Gentlemen, I tell you if Ireland had a rotunda of her own in this World's Fair and had got my friend Mr. Gibson, our Richardsons, our Odins and our big linen manufacturers in Ireland to arrange their exhibits in the rotunda you would have an exhibit of Irish industry which would open your eyes. (Applause.)

We have two Irish villages here and feel that they have done a great deal for Irish industry but they don't represent Ireland. When you in Chicago want to show yourselves before the world you do not bring yourselves in prominence? Don't deem the Irish Villages as representatives of Ireland. The next time don't have the McKinley tariff. We will erect in the World's Fair the next time a rotunda and we will fill it with Irish exhibits which will give you a different impression of Ireland than you ever had before. We want to stand by our neighbors, England and Scotland. We believe in the British commission, but we do not believe that the Irish trade has been properly presented at the Fair. We are not proud of our exhibit here and we have not an exhibit which is a mirror of Ireland. I thank you, gentlemen, for the welcome which I have had in Chicago as a representative of Ireland; for the liberal education which I have had here I thank you. I will always look at this great World's Fair as an experience from which I am greatly benefited. I thank Chicago for having given us such a World's Fair.

Lord Mayor Shanks greatly deluded himself when he remarked that there is such a body politic as "Great Britain and Ireland and *Her* Colonies." There is only one trinity that admits of the singular number, and that is the Divine one. As a matter of fact, and Lord Mayor Shanks ought to know it, Ireland has about as much to do with the British colonies at St. Helena or the Bermudas. It is true that she occasionally furnishes Irish born Englishmen to rule said colonies, but the fact of their Irish birth seems to render them more English in sentiment than the English themselves. In the past there were, either as conquerors or governors of India, and elsewhere, the Marquis of Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, General Napier and General Gough, but who ever thought of them as Irishmen? In our own day there are Generals Roberts, Wolseley, White and the Earl of Dufferin. But who thinks of them seriously as Irishmen? Ireland has no pride in these imperial parasites, who live upon the blood and bones of England's slaves and captives. They would be quite as willing to shoot down their own countrymen tomorrow, at England's bidding, as they were to blow the wretched Sepoys from the mouths of cannon. As between such "Irishmen" and the unalloyed English cutthroat, we prefer the latter, because he is more villainously honest and thorough, like a hungry lion, or a royal Bengal tiger on short rations, or any other beast of prey.

The Lord Mayor's "God bless our precious Queen Victoria" makes us absolutely seasick, and by way of antidote, to the *mal de mer* we are obliged, mentally, to employ the antithesis of the lord mayor's pious orison. THE CITIZEN never, hardly ever, swears, but it might if properly provoked. John Bull is an artist in that line, for did not his poetical countryman, Lord Byron, write of him—

The Hebrew word, which signifies I am,
The English always use to govern damn?

Queen Victoria may be a fitting object for Englishmen to pray for—they worship fat, and ugly, idols—but there is no reason why any Irishman of good common-sense should pray for an old lady, who has been the consistent enemy of his country ever since Dublin refused a statue to her deceased husband, Albert of Saxe Coburg, who, in the famine years, wrote to the younger Humboldt, "The Irish are no more deserving of sympathy than the Poles. They can eat grass!"

Regarding the Irish villages in the Midway, it is true they do not represent all that Ireland might produce, under happier conditions. Mrs. Hart, however, did her best under unfavorable circumstances, and would have done much better had she been fairly dealt by, and had not some of the people she honestly sought to benefit been carried away by the glamour of a title.

Lord Mayor Shanks himself has seen, by contrast, how mean a position Ireland, owing to her forced connection with the English octopus, holds in the estimation of the nations. A dispicable underling, Frank D. Millet, dared, in spite of the orders of his superior officers, to trail her flag in the mud on Irish Day, and the bigot still holds his position. Had he treated the flag of any other people in the same way, he would have been long ago dismissed in disgrace. It is all very well for Lord Mayor Shanks to intimate that the linen lords of Belfast, or elsewhere in Ireland, would have put up an exhibit of their own "in an Irish rotunda," if they had had an opportunity. What hindered them? Their unnatural devotion to the foreign country which degrades and provincializes their own. It seems to us, that the bitterest of bitter Orangemen might be stirred to burning shame by witnessing the country of his birth treated like a very poor relation at the World's Fair. And yet, Lord Mayor Shanks calls upon God to bless the sceptered representative of the system that makes Ireland, in the eyes of the whole world, a beggar and an outcast!

BOHEMIA'S NATIONALISTS.

Young Bohemia—we do not refer to the land of arts and letters, but to one of the several states that go to make up the Austrian empire—is, metaphorically speaking, up in arms against the Emperor Francis Joseph. Bohemia bears the same relations to Austria that Ireland does to Britain. She is ruled from Vienna, as Ireland is from London. The young Czech movement, as it is called, aims at giving Bohemia the same rights and privileges in the empire as those at present enjoyed by Hungary. In other words Bohemia aspires to what is practically national independence. She refuses to be a subject state to Austria, but has no objection to be, like Hungary, a partner in the firm of the empire. At a banquet recently held in Prague, enthusiastic Czechs to the number of 300 pledged themselves to abjure all loyalty to the reigning sovereign unless the claims of their native land to complete autonomy are recognized by Austria. Francis Joseph has caused the arrest of several of the more prominent Bohemian nationalists, but this autocratic policy will only serve to fan the flames of discontent, and may possibly lead to a revolution.

Kossuth, the patriarch and patriot, once said that "the Austrian empire had such contradictory elements in its make up,' and such conflicting races within its confines, that it is destined in the course of time to the fate that befell the old Roman empire." "Oil and water shall blend," he exclaimed, "before the Maygars of Hungary shall coalesce with the Teutons of the German-speaking portion of the Austrian territory!" These various races, including the Bohemian already referred to, cannot by any possibility be welded into one united people. Each has its own peculiar customs and traditions, its own national history and language, its own patriots and heroes, and its own bitter prejudices against all the others. A house, divided against itself, must necessarily collapse. The Austro-Hungarian empire, built as it is on tottering foundations, has not a long lease of life before it. It is destined very soon to burst like a soap-bubble and vanish inso space."

DEATH OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Brave old Marshal MacMahon, of France, is no more! The illustrious warrior passed calmly away at Paris on Tuesday, in the 86th year of his age. His history, for forty years, has been the history of his country. He largely aided in placing her again in the front rank of the great military powers of Europe. He witnessed the depth of her fall, under the Second Empire, and lived to see her rise again, more powerful than ever, under the Third Republic. Happy was it for the glorious old man, that he lived to see 4,000,000 trained soldiers, with the colors and in the reserves, ready and willing to fight, when called upon, for the glory and integrity of his beloved France. Marshal MacMahon was respected by the brave men of all the world, and by none more than the Russian, Austrian and Prussian officers and soldiers against whom he fought in turn. His most lasting monuments of glory will be the now grass grown ramparts of the Malakoff and the plains of Magenta. Many critics say he was not a military genius, but no braver deed than the capture of the great Russian outwork was ever accomplished in the annals of war, and his action at Magenta eclipsed in military intuition the march of Desaix on Marengo and of Davoust on Eckmuhl. The defeat of his army at Woerth was the result of the bad dispositions made by Napoleon III at the outset of the Franco-German war; and the campaign which led to the disaster and humiliation of Sedan, was undertaken against his judgment, and, under the circumstances which surrounded him, could have had no other result.

Edme Patrice Maurice de MacMahon was born at Sully, France, July 13, 1808. He entered the military service in 1825 at the school of St. Cyr and was sent to the Algerian wars in 1830. While acting aide-de-camp to General Achard he took part in the expedition to Antwerp in 1832 and attained the rank of captain in 1833. After holding the office of aide to several African generals and taking part in the assault on Constantine he was nominated major of foot chasseurs in 1840, lieutenant-colonel of the foreign legion in 1842, colonel of the Forty-first of the line in 1845 and general of brigade in 1848. In 1855, when General Canrobert left the Crimea, General MacMahon was selected by the Emperor to succeed him in the command of a division; and when the chiefs of the allied armies resolved upon the assault on Sebastopol, on Sept. 8, they assigned to General MacMahon the important and hazardous post of carrying the works of the Malakoff. For his brilliant charge on this occasion he was presented with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. He took a leading part in the Italian campaign of 1859 and received the baton of a marshal and was created Duke of Magenta in memory of his victory at that battle. He was chosen to represent France at the coronation of William III of Prussia in November, 1861, was placed in command of the Third corps d'armee on the 14th of October, 1862, and was appointed governor general of Algeria on the 1st of September, 1864.

On the outbreak of the war with Germany Marshal MacMahon was intrusted with the command of the First army corps, with headquarters at Strasburg. On the 6th of August, 1870, the Crown Prince of Prussia attacked the united French forces of MacMahon, and Gens. Failly and Canrobert in position at Woerth. MacMahon, with 50,000 men occupied a defensive position on the slopes of the Vosges, but the French line was turned by the Prussians at two different points and their left and center broken, despite a desperate charge of cavalry ordered by MacMahon as a dernier ressort. MacMahon retired to Saverne and ultimately to Rethel. On the 30th his forces were again defeated, being driven from Beaumont. He was chief in command at the battle of Sedan, but received a severe wound in the thigh at the beginning of the engagement, and the command devolved upon General Wimpffen, who signed the capitulation. MacMahon was taken prisoner, but after his recovery from his wound was released, and returned to France on the 13th of March, 1871. He was nominated the following month as commander-in-chief of the army at Versailles. He successfully conducted the siege of Paris against the commune, and, assisted by M. Thiers, reorganized the army. In December, 1871, he refused the request of the Parisian Press Union to become a candidate for the national assembly.

The marshal, on the resignation of M. Thiers, in May, 1873, was elected president of the French Republic, and, on Nov. 19 of that year, a septennate term was declared in his favor. In 1879 he disagreed on points of policy with the Republican majority, and, like an honest and honorable man, resigned and retired to private life.

Marshal MacMahon was descended from an Irish Jacobite family, which settled in France about the end of the seventeenth century. His progenitors intermarried with the French nobility and became possessed of great wealth, which they managed to retain during all the varying fortunes of their country. His wife and several sons and daughters survive Marshal MacMahon. Nearly all his sons are officers in the French army.

In person the marshal was over the middle height, well built and of a decidedly Milesian cast of countenance. His head was very handsome, and his blue eyes blazed like lightning in the midst of battle. He absolutely loved the lively French soldiery and was never so happy as when in the midst of their chassepots and bayonets. He had a sort of sentimental regard for Ireland and always attributed his good health and longevity to his Irish blood. In 1859 he was presented with a sword of honor by the Irish people, at the camp of Chalons, and expressed himself greatly gratified at the graceful remembrance. France had no better soldier, and the world no nobler character.

A WANTON INSULT.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen arrived in the city last Saturday and were received at the Aberdeen Irish(?) Village with a display of the odious British Union Jack and the singing of "God Save the Queen." It seems to us that Mrs. White and her managers might have spared the self-respecting Irish people of Chicago and the country at large this wanton insult. There was no need for the display of a distasteful flag, or the singing of a distasteful song, on the alleged Irish village premises. Such a policy may please fools and flunkeys, who think themselves "honored" in rubbing their skirts against a "lord" or a "lady," but to the masses of the Irish people in America, it seems a cruel mockery to fly the felon flag of England over an "Irish" village, and to pile on further insult by singing "God Save the Queen." If honest Peter White were living this would not have happened.

A WRANGLE OVER THE PARIS FUNDS.

Irish politics are becoming more and more confused, and seem to be drifting toward chaos. While the Redmondite party are standing unitedly by their guns the McCarthyite wing is being torn asunder by intestine feuds and jealousies. Mr. Justin McCarthy is the nominal leader of a party consisting of two warring cliques, one led by that intolerant factionist Mr. Tim Healy, and the other by Messrs. Davitt, Dillon and O'Brien. Healy personally is, it appears, the sole cause of the present unseemly wrangle. Just as Rome went up in a blaze centuries ago under the very nose of Nero, who fiddled complacently as he looked on the fire, so now the unfortunate evicted tenants of Ireland are starving while their professed friends and champions are clutching each others' throats in the conflict over the funds which are still lying locked up in a safe in Banker Monroe's establishment in Paris. Such is the sad spectacle that confronts one's gaze today, while contemplating the arena of Irish politics.

Messrs. Dillon, Davitt and O'Brien met Messrs. Redmond, Harrington and Kenny sometime ago in private council, and with the assent of the majority of their party entered into a satisfactory compromise with the Redmondites for the immediate release of the Paris funds. This arrangement Mr. Monroe was on the point of accepting when Mr. Tim Healy publicly came forward and denounced what he fanatically called a "surrender" to the claims of the followers of Mr. Redmond. Mr. Healy, assisted by the venomous person who edits the *Irish Catholic*, denounced his McCarthyite colleagues who would dare to enter into any agreement with the men who stood faithful to Charles Stewart Parnell in the hour of his adversity. Mr. Healy's attitude in this crisis of his country's affairs is decidedly selfish and unpatriotic. He prefers the satisfaction of his own private spleen to the common weal. He is the stormy petrel of Irish public life, places his own miserable prejudices far and away above the interests of his country, and revels in factious strife with all the fury and braggadocio of a bully. THE CITIZEN brands Mr. Healy's present conduct as base treachery to the unfortunate evicted tenants of Ireland. Timothy has a luxurious home in Dublin, the horn of plenty has poured its riches into his lap, no pangs of hunger attack his well-filled stomach, while his victims are dying of starvation, and have scarcely a roof over their heads—all for having followed that gentleman's Land League principles in the past! And now that he has the power to relieve their pressing wants, he is unwilling to do so.

The moral of this new split will be accepted by Englishmen as a further proof of the supposed incapacity of Irishmen at home for self-government. For God's sake and for country's, gentlemen of the Irish party, give over your feuds, or if you have dirty linen to wash, wash it in well closed laundries, and not in the columns of the press.

BUFFALO BILL'S GREAT TRIUMPH.

The most unalloyed success of the age, outside the World's Fair, is Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibit and congress of the rough riders of the world. It is an object lesson on a majestic scale, and conveys to the human mind, at once, the perfection to which man and horse may come by constant practice. Every style of horsemanship that the human mind can conceive is represented there, from the native grace of the American Indian of the Plains, to the dashing equestrianism of the wild Arab of the Soudanese desert. American marksmanship holds a prominent place in the grand exhibition, and Buffalo Bill himself still displays that accuracy of aim, on horseback, which made him the marvel of such heroes of the Wild West as Generals Crook, Custer and Merritt.

The Wild West exhibition will, it is now understood, close simultaneously with the World's Fair—something that hundreds of thousands of sightseers who have not yet had an opportunity of witnessing the unequalled performance will greatly lament. Those who have the opportunity should now make use of the time that remains. After breaking up, the Wild West will go into winter quarters, and will open in New York next spring. Additions will be made to the already magnificent attractions; but Buffalo Bill, a typical western American, believes in constant improvement. His motto should be "Excelsior."

NOT "BEN" BUT "CARTER."

Our excellent Irish contemporary, *United Ireland*, is, evidently, not "up" on the biography of prominent Americans. In a recent issue it says in effect that "Mr. Benjamin Harrison, ex-president of the United States, appointed the following members of the city council to receive Lord Mayor Shanks and party." This is hard on our Carter, who ought to be, at least, as well known as "Cousin Ben." The latter is now a professor in a California college, while Carter H., of that ilk, is mayor of Chicago. It is not, we will inform *United Ireland*, customary for ex-presidents to become mayors in this country; but ex-mayors sometimes become presidents. And that is how our venerable and handsome friend, Carter H. Harrison, feels about it.

DEATH OF AN IRISH CENTENARIAN.

On the 21st of last month passed away at Castlegregory, county Kerry, Mr. Maurice McKenna, an Irishman who had reached the patriarchal age of 103 years. In his boyhood's days he knew no language save his own, the Gaelic; but when he grew to man's estate, he acquired a knowledge of English and of arithmetic at the hands of a peripatetic schoolmaster, or poor schoolar, who was a familiar figure in Irish rural life during the first quarter of the present century. Maurice McKenna was a married man in the full bloom of health and energy at a time when the tottering old men of today were squealing infants. During his long career no less than seven Popes occupied the chair of Peter. He was five years old when Napoleon Bonaparte emerged from obscurity, and became a prominent personage in a land of which he was soon afterward destined to be dictator and emperor. Mr. McKenna was 25 years old when "Bony" met his doom on the field of Waterloo. He was a boy of eight when the battle of Vinegar Hill was fought. He was born six years before the first telegraph wire came into existence, twenty-four years before Stephenson ran his first railway train and forty years before the building of the first transatlantic steamer. Anti-tobacco cranks will seek to prove the truth of their theories by the fact that this remarkable centenarian never chewed the narcotic weed, or smoked a pipe; but the apostles of temperance will find no consolation in the statement that the old man always enjoyed a good fragrant glass of John Jameson's whisky. His wonderful memory remained unimpaired, and his intellect undimmed almost to the closing of his long life. Mr. McKenna was a type of a veritable Irish mountaineer, whose death is almost invariably caused by the physical exhaustion of old age. The Irish race residing amid their own picturesque crags and verdant hills, generally outstep the scriptural term of three-score-and-ten. They are the longest lived people of any.

IRISH WORKS OF ART.

Irishmen will have an early opportunity of obtaining works of art which has not hitherto occurred. All the works of art exhibited in Donegal Castle will be sold. Among these are paintings by such well known Irish artists as Rose Barton McGuinness, Williams, Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Miller; copies of statues, busts and medallions by Bruce Joy; engravings of Irish crosses by O'Neill; sketches of Irish life by Paul Renouard; engravings of Irish scenery and Irish worthies; a gallery of portraits of great Irishmen; Tara, fibula and Celtic gold jewelry by West, of Dublin; altar furnishings by McLoughlin of Dublin; fine laces, beautiful embroideries, Celtic crosses, etc. Such a collection of Irish art and industry as Mrs. Hart has brought together in Donegal Castle has never been seen before in this country, and there is here a rare opportunity of procuring examples of work which is characteristic, but which is yet so little known, of the old country.

NOTICE.

The subscribers, advertisers, and friends of THE CITIZEN in general, are hereby notified that Michael D. O'Brien is no longer connected with this paper in any capacity whatever.

GIVE US A CHANGE.

THE CITIZEN earnestly requests the Irish people, particularly the Dublin municipality, when next they send "representatives" to this country, to send over a few real Irishmen, not Englishmen with Irish names, hair parted in the middle, eye glasses, long-tailed coats and the damnable accent of Cockneydom. An Irish representative, with hair parted on the side, clothes with a Dublin, not a London, cut and a wholesome brogue—the dear, honest old brogue—would be acceptable as a change.

THE CARDINAL'S JUBILEE.

The celebration of Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee at Baltimore on Wednesday is represented by the daily press dispatches as having been "the grandest ceremonial of the Catholic church that prelates, priests or laymen have ever engaged in or witnessed, in this country. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of the cardinal to the episcopate. Fifteen archbishops, fifty bishops and, at least, a thousand priests attended the celebration in the Cathedral.

MR. VICTOR HERBERT succeeds Mr. D. W. Reeves as leader of Gilmore's band. The new baton-wielder of that famous orchestra is a grand nephew of Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist. He was born in Dublin in 1850. Mrs. Gilmore has the utmost confidence in the ability of Mr. Herbert who, it is anticipated, will maintain the same high standard established for the band by its late lamented founder.

GAVAN DUFFY is still located in Westbaden, Germany, where he is under medical treatment for his eyes which of late have given the venerable Young Irelander much trouble. THE CITIZEN hopes that he may soon be cured of the partial blindness with which he is afflicted.

THE capital of the British empire is in extacies just now over the latest slang song of Mr. Alcert Chevalier. It concerns the babyhood of the "nipper," and Mr. Chevalier is discovered in the now familiar kitchen on the stage rocking a cradle. This superfine and classic production opens as follows:

"O e's run 'is little legs orf, and now 'e's gawn to sleep,
Lor! what a puffick mint o' love lies in that little 'eap—
'E's a babby to be proud on, 'is weight is not fur arf a stone—
'E's worth 'is weight in thick 'uns, and 'e's all our very own!"

Wild applause greets this æsthetic song in cockney music halls. Cockneydom is in raptures over it!

THE solution of the Anglo-Irish problem no longer exercises the Gladstonian mind. The old man is at present engaged in translating Horace into English verse.

IT is not generally known that Dunraven, owner of the "Valkyrie," is an Irishman by blood and birth. Though a lord he is a very good fellow—as lords go. This lord's name is Quinn.

LORD ROBERTS, who does England's dirty work, wherever it has got to be done in foreign parts cursed by the shadow of the Union Jack, was presented a few weeks ago with the freedom of the city of Inverness, Scotland. On or about the same date the pseudo-Nationalist corporation of Waterford stultified itself by conferring a similar honor on this swaggering swashbuckler. Alas! for the degeneracy of an age that witnesses with complacency the glorification of a soldier whose only laurels have been won in the slaughter of helpless and subject races!

HOME RULE is being put up on the shelf by the Liberal chiefs. The reform of the Chamber of Peers and the Parish Councils bill are now the burning questions of the hour in the the arena of British politics. A College Green parliament is becoming more and more a counterpart of that Hy-Brazil which used to be seen in dreams by our Celtic ancestors. A vanishing vision it verily is and will be so long as the Irish people maintain their present supine policy of passive obedience to the dictates of English Whigs.

FRANCE and Russia are embracing each other on both cheeks these days in the city of Toulon. The love-making of the Russian bear and the French republic is being watched with much anxiety by Kaiser William of Germany. What next?

IT is an open secret that the Tory leaders are meditating an important move against Premier Gladstone. The wily Salisbury is, it is said, drafting a Home Rule bill of his own which, he expects, will take the wind out of the Gladstonian sails. It will be on the lines of the semi-official proposal once made by Lord

Carnarvon, a well known Tory magnate, to the late Mr. Parnell. This measure will be submitted to the people by Balfour in the coming autumn campaign. Should this report prove true and the proposed bill be an acknowledgment of the right of Ireland to legislative autonomy THE CITIZEN expects that the Irish Party will do all they can to induce Mr. Gladstone to accept it. Home Rule from Tory hands would be just as welcome as it would be from Liberal.

THE Columbus Club of Chicago celebrated the opening of its splendid new quarters on Thursday evening of last week by a reception and banquet at which about two hundred guests attended. Speeches were made by the President, Mr. William A. Amberg the Hon. Thomas Moran, Judge Ed. F. Dunne, Rev. D. J. Riordan, Senator S. M. White, John P. Altgeld, Right Rev. J. A. Watterson, W. A. Doyle, Carter H. Harrison, M. J. Russell and other distinguished Catholic citizens.

LADY BUTLER, better known by her maiden name of Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the famous painter, has been staying for some months past in the vicinity of the Vale of Avoca. where she is busy with a new picture dealing with Irish life. The tableau, when completed, will be exhibited in the London Academy.

IRISH-AMERICAN women are of late unfortunately imitating their American sisters in wedding members of the titled nobility. The latest accession to the ranks of the world's "aristocracy" is Miss Helene Murphy, daughter of Mr. D. T. Murphy, the well known Irish millionaire of San Francisco, Cal., who has just given her hand to a certain doughty Don Vincente Dominguez, son of the Argentine minister in London. An elder sister of the bride is the wife of Lord Wolseley, the "hero" of the Egypto-British campaign. The marriage of Miss Helene was solemnized lately in St. Edward's Catholic chapel. Westminster, by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. Sir Charles Russell, attorney general for England, gave the bride away.

THERE is a curious analogy between the early lives of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier, and T. D. Sullivan, the Irish poet. Both were sign painters in their youth.

A STORY illustrative of the late English poet laureate's penuriousness, has just come to light in a recently published life of the late Lord Houghton. It runs as follows: When the recital by Tennyson of his poem, "The Revenge," took place in Eaton Square, London, there was much Jingo feeling in fashionable society in that city, and not a few infected personages were among the audience. As the poet proceeded with his ballad, the favored few hung on his lips. When he reached the last lines:

"And the whole sea plunged, and fell
On the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little 'Revenge' herself went
down by the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main,"

the feelings of all present were strung up into excitement and enthusiasm, when, to the amazement of all, the laureate added without the slightest pause or the least change of tone in his voice, "and yet the beggarly publishers only paid me £300 for the poem when it was worth £500!"

WE clip the following exquisite item of news from the columns of the Cork *Examiner*, an Irish home rule newspaper: "A telegram states that the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Fife posted from Mar Lodge to Balmoral yesterday on a visit to the Queen, and stayed to luncheon." Flunkeyism still taints with its virus the souls of "national" journalists in the old land. They are prepared to lick the big toes of English royalty.

DUBLIN has had hitherto no national magazine of a first-class standard. THE CITIZEN is glad to learn that this want will be supplied in a few weeks' time by the appearance on the scene of a monthly periodical to be called the *Irish Review*. We wish our coming contemporary every success.

THE second demonstration in menory of Parnell's death, held in Dublin last Sunday, was a magnificent gathering and reflected lasting credit on the people of the Irish metropolis. Delegations attended from all quarters of the country.

KILLELEA AND THE IRISH FLAG.

The Veteran Home Ruler Tells What Irishmen Did for America.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct 1.—*Editor Catholic Journal:* I call attention to the Irish-American demonstration at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago on Saturday, Sept. 30, known as Irish Day, relative to the hoisting of the Irish flag on one of the poles on the Electricity building, but which had been pulled down by one Frank Millet, director of decorations and official flag master of the Exposition.

I will say, however, that there was an error on the part of the Irish-American committee of arrangements. They should have had an understanding with the parties who were in charge of the Fair, and not waited to the very last hour. Had the committee been denied the right of hoisting the green flag three or four weeks ago, Irish-Americans all over the United States would have known how to act in the matter and draw their own conclusions by staying away from the Exposition. How would the Fair be financially if all Irish-Americans had staid away from it?

Let us see what Irish-Americans have done in building up this great American republic and fighting for her independence from England. One-half of the revolutionary army was composed of Irishmen and the other half of other nationalities. In "Galloway's Examination," printed in London in 1780, by J. White, is the testimony of the Loyalist Galloway, who had been speaker of the Pennsylvania house of assembly. He was examined by a committee on papers of the British house of commons:

"Question—That part of the rebel army that enlisted in the service of the congress—were they chiefly composed of natives of America, or were the greatest part of them English, Scotch or Irish?

"Answer—The names and place of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America—about one-half Irish. The other one-fourth were English and Scotch."

Mr. Bagnal, in his recently published work, "The American Irish," gives it as the testimony of Maj.-Gen. Robertson, an English officer who had served twenty-four years in America, that Gen. Lee had informed him that one-half the rebel continental army was from Ireland.

Rev. J. J. Brannan in his "Catechism of Irish History" says: "The British government hired 29,166 Hessians, and afterward, in denying the Irish their rights, it gave as a reason that 16,000 of them had fought on the side of the Americans. These were the Irish soldiers from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania line was known as the Irish brigade. If English authority will not be accepted, here is the testimony of Park Custis, Washington's adopted son: "Of the operatives of the war—I mean the soldiers—up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of 100 to 1 of any foreign nation whatever." And when the French came, lo! there came three regiments of Irishmen, Count Dillon declaring, "The Irish troops have always claimed the right to march first against the English."

This is the valor that Irish-Americans displayed in the revolutionary war for the United States in gaining American independence. We all know also what valorous service Irish-Americans did for this country in the late rebellion from 1861 to 1865. Yet that great Irish-American assemblage at the World's Fair on Sept. 30 was insulted by the pulling down of the Irish flag. Had Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant or Sheridan been alive and present at the Fair when the green flag was pulled down, either of the above-named gentlemen would have whipped that cur, Millet.

JAMES KILLELEA.

REVERE THE MEMORY OF PARNELL.

Thousands of Irishmen Join in the Services in Dublin.

DUBLIN, Oct. 8.—Memorial services in honor of Charles Stewart Parnell were held here today. Thousands came on excursion trains from all parts of the country to show their reverence for the work of the great home ruler. The procession started at 1:30 for Glasnevin cemetery, where Parnell was buried. The column was so long it required one hour and ten minutes to pass a given point. Conspicuous Irishmen on horseback rode at the head. Behind them came a wagon bearing a pyramid which was covered with wreaths and designs in flowers. A floral harp was inscribed: "Sent with love from the Irish of New York." Many of the wreaths were sent by Parnell's relatives and Irishmen who sat in parliament with him. Members of the National League and of many clubs and societies, Parnellite members of parliament and scores of men who worked with Parnell in and out of parliament, followed the wagon.

Behind them in a closed carriage came the relatives of Parnell, delegations from Dublin political and trade societies, bands playing dirges, banner-bearers and visiting associations stretched to the carriage of the municipal authorities, who, clothed in all their robes of office, rode at the head of the last division of the procession. The Cork delegates, who were next, followed a carriage wholly occupied by a huge wreath which was sent by the mayor of their city. The procession passed around Parnell's grave, scattering over it loose flowers and wreaths, and then turned back to the city. There was no disorder at any time. The arrangements for the day were perfect and the programme was carried out exactly.

A DESERVING WORK.

THE CITIZEN notes the arrival in Chicago of Brother Aiden Ryan, C. S., S. P., who is receiving alms from the generous people of Chicago for a truly well deserving work. The order to which this religious belongs is well known in the old land as that of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Rockwell archdiocese of Cashel Ireland. With the kind permission of his Grace, Archbishop Feehan, and the assistance of all well wishers, rev. pastors and friends it is hoped the brother will find his mission to this city crowned with success. The Fathers of the Holy Ghost are building a new church and wing attached to the community wherein will be educated and brought up to priesthood, young men whose after life will be spent as missionaries in foreign lands. The great expense entailed has caused this urgent appeal. Time and circumstances have so ordained it that Bro. Aiden cannot possibly make a house to house call. His address is No. 856 West Polk street, where donations will be received, also the Rev. Mother of convent, No. 4124 Indiana avenue, will receive subscriptions for him.

Col. C. S. Diehl's Promotion.

A circular has been issued from the general office of the Associated Press by General Manager Stone announcing the appointment of Col. Charles S. Diehl as Assistant General Manager, with full powers attaching to such position. Col. Diehl is well and favorably known in newspaper circles. He first engaged in active daily newspaper work on the Chicago *Times* in 1873, with which paper his work brought his name into prominence. He accompanied Terry's column in the spring and summer campaign of 1877 against the Sioux, and was with Miles in the campaign of 1878 against the Nez Perces. He was with the expedition commanded by Col. Ilges, against the Sioux in the extreme northern portion of Dakota in the winter of 1879-80. In 1883 he entered the service of the Associated Press as day agent at Chicago. Among other features of his work in that city was reporting the execution of Louis Riel, leader of the half-breed rebellion in the Northwest territory. In 1887 he was transferred to San Francisco as Pacific coast manager, in charge of all the interests of the Associated Press in that section. During his stay on the coast he has organized for the Associated Press a news service, embracing the Pacific coast and the Samoan and Hawaiian Island.—*Oregonian, Oct. 1.*

BIRTHDAY OF MY CHILD IN HEAVEN.

Annie Mary Ryan.

Born July 17, 1883; Died Jan. 6, 1892.

I hear the voices of the heav'nly choir;
The cherubim in notes of pure delight
And martyrs purified by blood and fire
Sing sweet hossanas to their God tonight.

A vestal light illuminates this place,
I see the heavenly hosts, the angels bright
Bear vernal flowers to the Throne of Grace—
Celestial perfume fills the air tonight.

A million stars bedeck the azure sky,
The souls redeem'd give thanks for sins forgiven;
All paradise sing psalms to God on high,
It is the birthday of my child in heaven.

"O, that these lips had language" to express
The love for thee that burns within this heart;
Or draw a picture of thy loveliness
Were I but gifted with the poet's art.

Oh! for a Raphael's, or a Ruben's skill,
That I might paint in colors pure and bright
Thy beauteous form, thy lovely face until
Thy mild blue eyes again beam'd heavn'ly light.

Oh! would this tongue had eloquence of speech,
Or could this pen to higher effort rise,
This tribute (worthy then) would surely reach
From pole to pole and thee immortalize.

All language fails thy beauty to portray,
The painting fades and crumbles into dust;
The souls with God alone escape decay;
Immortal life is only for the just.

Thou art immortal, thy angelic soul
All bright and radiant is now with God;
To dwell in bliss while countless ages roll
Where none but saints and virgins ever trod.

Good night, my dearest love, my life, my light,
Seraphic joys forever wait on thee;
Thou hast found favor in thy Savior's sight,
My darling breathe a prayer to Him for me.

MICHAEL RYAN.

THE IRISH BAGPIPES.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 9, 1893.—It is gratifying to note the interest that has of late years been manifested by the Irish people in this country in that grand old musical instrument—the Irish union pipes. Up to recent years it was a rare thing to find anyone in this country who could perform on the Irish pipes, but a quiet revival of the instrument has been in progress with the result that now no Irish festive gathering is considered complete without the ever welcome presence of the Irish piper.

Great credit is due the Irish pipers, past and present, above the performers on any other instrument for the preservation of the ancient Irish music. As a rule they play only the old music of their country, the self same entrancing old melodies that delighted the hearts of the music-loving Irish people for centuries and continues to eurapture them down to the present day. The instrument is peculiarly adapted to the old Irish music, and if the time should come when the Irish people shall discard the pipes, then the death knell of the "sweetest music ever composed" will have been sounded, and one of the pleasantest ties that bind us to the old land severed. But from the present outlook there is no immediate danger of either the old music or the pipes decaying.

While the revival already spoken of is confined to a few cities in this country, it is fast spreading. Here in Chicago, there are a great many amateurs, and among them some performers of a very high order, notably Mr. James Early, Mr. Barney Delaney, Mr. Adam Tobin, Mr. William McCormac and others of less skill, including the writer. The professional players are quite numerous throughout this country, and the Midway Plaisance has engaged some of the very finest of them. Mr. MacSweeney, who was brought from the old country by Mrs. Hart to the Donegal village, is a perfect type of the old Irish piper. He is a fine musician, and plays some grand old Irish pieces that are now almost obsolete. His rendering of the "Coolin," the masterpiece of Carolan, the last bard, is indeed beautiful. The enterprising Mrs. Hart is also fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Patrick Touhey, who is pronounced by competent judges to be the greatest performer on the Irish pipes of the present day. He is a perfect master of the instrument. He is a close student of the old Irish music, and the beautiful old airs and the dance-provoking reels and jigs seem to take on a fresh charm every time they are played by the gifted Pat Touhey.

Great credit is also due Mr. John Gillan, of this city, for his untiring efforts in aiding this revival of the Irish pipes. No less a ceaseless worker in the same direction is Mr. James Early. These gentlemen have been indefatigable in promoting the old Irish music and the old Irish instrument. The Irish pipes are almost as old as the Rock of Cashel itself. Some writers claim they were brought to Ireland by the Milesians. However, that may be, there is no doubt of its ancient eastern origin. The representatives of the Far East on Midway Plaisance play a pipe that in many ways resemble the chanter of the Irish pipes, and doubtless was the original instrument which the Irish improved to its present degree of perfection.

I possess a copy of a dissertation which was delivered in Rome over one hundred years ago by the Rev. Canon Orazio Maccari on the playing of the pipes by the ancients. It was brought to my notice by the Rev. Father Higginson, of Omaha, and translated by him at my request. It proves beyond doubt the great antiquity of the pipes. Knowing you to be a true champion of everything the Irish people hold dear, I submit this dissertation and hope you can find space for it in the columns of your valuable paper. Sincerely yours,

JOHN ENNIS.

HYMENEAL.

JONES-CUNNIFF.

Mr. Christopher Jones, of Davenport, Iowa, was united in marriage to Miss Cunniff, of No. 526 South Paulina street, at the Church of St. Charles de Borromeo, the Rev. Father Gill officiating, last Monday evening. After the ceremony, supper was served to the immediate relatives and friends of the young couple at the residence of the bride's mother. They then left for Kansas City, Mo., where the bridegroom is widely known in social life and in railway circles. The bride was a great favorite among the young people of the West Division. Her father was Capt. Edward J. Cunniff, prominent in Irish affairs in this city up to the time of his death, which occurred a few years ago. He was the organizer and commander of the original Hibernian Rifles.

MORAN-M'NAMARA.

The marriage of Miss Kittie McNamara, of No. 33 Miller street, this city, to Mr. William Moran, took place Tuesday evening last, at St. Patrick's church, Rev. Father O'Byrne officiating. Miss Alice Cushing was bridesmaid and Mr. Michael Moran, brother of the groom, best man. The bride wore an elaborate gown of white satin en traine, trimmed with pearl passementaries and made with high Elizabethan collar and full puffed sleeves. Her veil was fastened with lilies of the valley, and her bouquet was composed of the same flowers. The scene at the church was brilliant and impressive, and it was one of the best attended weddings held in St. Patrick's parish for some time. After the ceremony a reception was held at the West Chicago Club house. Mr. and Mrs. Moran will be at home to their friends at No. 444 Marshfield avenue, after a short visit in the South.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

An important meeting of Independent Nationalists of the county Kildare was held at Timahoe on Oct. 1, at which Dr. Kenny, M. P., and Messrs. Patrick O'Brien, J. L. Carew, and M. A. Manning spoke. This district has always shown its strong adherence to the National cause, and the demonstration was a most unqualified success.

The death is announced of the Rev. Robert Curtis, S.J., which took place on Sept. 29, at the University College, Stephen's Green. The deceased, who was about 40 years of age, was the son of Mr. Stephen Curtis. The office and high mass for the repose of his soul was solemnized in the church of St. Francis Xavier, Gardner street, at 9:45 a. m. Sept. 30.

The Rev. Father Rowan, P. P., of Blackditches, county Wicklow, died on Thursday in the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital. Father Rowan, who was born in the county Waterford, commenced his sacred mission in the parish of Glendalough, from whence he was transferred by the late Cardinal McCabe to the charge of Blackditches parish. After the solemn office and high mass in Berkeley street church the remains were removed, via Blessington and Blackditches, to the Seven Churches, where the interment took place.

The golden jubilee of the religious profession of Mother Mary Helen, Naas Convent of Mercy, was celebrated on the 27th ult. The occasion was signalized by addresses of congratulation being presented by the school children, who enjoyed a holiday in honor of the event. Numerous and valuable presents were received by Mother Helen.

The remains of Owen Fitzsimons, son of Nicholas Fitzsimons, Hazlehatch, were interred in the family burial place, Esker, Lucan. The deceased died in Liverpool after a lingering illness. He was a member of the Irish Harpers G.A.C., Hazlehatch. The following is a list of wreaths sent: Henry Grattan G.A.C., wreath; Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimons, cross and wreath; Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Liverpool, cross and wreath; Mrs. Kenny, do; Miss Kenny, do; Mr. and Mrs. Brady, do; Mr. and Mrs. Young, do; Mrs. Moore, do; Mr. Hayes, do; Mr. and Mrs. Connolly, do; Misses Gilmore, do; Miss Brien, do; Railway men, Hazlehatch, do; Mr. W. Byrne, do; Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, do; Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, do.

Munster.

Early on the morning of Sept. 29 a serious fire broke out on the premises of Patrick Kirby, The Square, Listowel. The fire originated in a building situated at the rear of the shop. The upper portion of this house was used as a store and the floor as a kitchen, and it is supposed that the fire originated in this kitchen. The damage is estimated at £500, covered by insurance.

The parents of the larger number of the pupils attending the Shanagolden (county Limerick) male and female National Schools have withdrawn their children as a protest against the admission to the institution of the children of an emergency bailiff resident in the locality. The parish priest, Father Mulqueen, has discountenanced the boycotting, but is meeting with every opposition, the parents refusing to send back the children at his request. In reply to his counsels they retort that he advocated the boycotting of the schools twelve years ago under somewhat similar circumstances.

The regular monthly cattle fair was held at Mallow on Oct. 3, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was well supplied with all sorts of stock, cattle particularly. The attendance of buyers, too, was well up to the average, and no complaints could be made in connection with the prices given. The sheep fair was fairly supplied. The prices given for cattle, though lower than they ought to be, were better than those given at the previous two fairs. In the pig market, on Monday week, there were 700 animals offered for sale, and the prices fetched were 47s per cwt for the best bacon pigs.

Five prisoners in Mountjoy jail were informed early on the morning of Sept. 30 that they would be immediately released. They had been undergoing imprisonment since July, 1888, when they were sentenced at Kerry assizes to seven years' imprisonment each. The offences with which they were charged were: John Lane, Knocknagore. Castleisland, moonlighting; Thomas Mahony, Loughfannor, whiteboyism; Philip Connor, Coole, whiteboyism; John Connor, Toogreeves, Brosna, whiteboyism; John Connor, Meenevoughone, Brosna, whiteboyism. They were released under ordinary license, and will be subject to police supervision till July, 1895. They left Kingsbridge by the first train on Saturday morning for their homes in Kerry.

Maurice McKenna died at Castlegregory, county Kerry, on Sept. 21, at the extraordinary age of 103 years. He was in possession of all his faculties almost up to the last moment, except his sight, which failed him a few years ago. He was born in Lispole, lived many years on a farm at Ballymacdoyle, near Burnham, Dingle, and removed to Castlegregory in 1869, on the occasion of the "Ventry clearances."

About 10 o'clock on the night of Sept. 24, a number of men attacked the house of a man named John Fitzgerald, at Dunburn, near Ballingarry, county Limerick, and broke in the door and windows. The police, who happened to be concealed convenient to the place, effected the arrest of two of the party, who were subsequently identified by Fitzgerald.

Connacht.

The death is announced from Castlebar of Dr. F. W. Blackwell, L.R.C.S.I., at Knockmore Lodge, Balla. Deceased was medical officer of the Balla dispensary.

The Dublin *Gazette* of Oct. 3 contains a proclamation intimating that as it has now sufficiently appeared to the lords justices and privy council of Ireland that that the baronies of Boyle, Castlerea, and Frenchpark, in the county of Roscommon, have ceased to be in a state of disturbance, the additional constabulary force appointed for these baronies shall after one month be discontinued and cease to be a charge on these baronies or the consolidated fund. A similar proclamation is published with regard to the baronies of Athlone, Ballintober North, Ballintober South, Ballymoe, Moycarn, and Roscommon, in the county of Roscommon.

Miss M. E. Kenney, of Easkey, second daughter of Mr. Bryan Kenney, Carrenrod, Easkey, died on Sept. 24, after a prolonged illness.

Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated at the Cathedral, Sligo, for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Peter O'Connor. The Rev. Father Williams was celebrant, Rev. Father Gearty deacon, Rev. Father Martin sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Corcoran master-of-ceremonies. In the choir, besides all the local clergy from the Friary, the College, and St. Mary's Presbytery, were Very Rev. Canon Hoare, P.P.V.F., Carrick-on-Shannon; Rev. Father Nangle, P.P., Croghan; Rev. Father Curley, C.C., Grange; Rev. Father Shanaher, C.C., Magherow; Rev. Father Finn, C.C., Ballinacarrow; Rev. Father Neary, C.C., Castletown; Rev. Father Quinn, Rev. Father Cahill, P.P., Killinumery; Rev. Father Skelly, C.C., do; Rev. Father Humphreys, C.C., Boyle; Rev. T. Flanagan, Rev. P. Flanagan, P.P., Hill street; Rev. J. Brennan, C.C., Riverstown; Rev. P. J. Lynch, C.C.; Rev. P. Filan, P.P.; Rev. Father O'Grady, C.C., Collooney.

Ulster.

A shocking accident took place near Belfast Oct. 4. It appears that a train from Bangor had reached Craigavad and was waiting for the Belfast train to pass, when Mr. Frank Hambleton, the Craigavad stationmaster, attempted to cross to the other side of the station on seeing the train coming. While doing so he was struck by the engine and knocked down, sustaining a severe fracture of the skull, compound fracture of the left leg, and fracture of the collar bone, while his left arm was almost cut off from the shoulder. Dr. E. Coey Bigger was in the Bangor train, and he immediately attended the injured man. Dr. Bigger had Mr. Hambleton conveyed by the train back to Belfast, where, on arrival, he was immediately conveyed in an ambulance to the Royal hospital. Mr. Hambleton is about 30 years of age, a married man with two children, and a much respected official. Mr. Hambleton's life is despaired of. A later telegram states that the injured man has died.

There died on Friday morning, Oct. 6, in Belfast Mr. F. D. F. O'Connor, a gentlemen who some years ago was very well known on the Belfast and Dublin press, where he had acquired a reputation as an able and vigorous writer. Latterly his health declined, and he was unable to be out of doors.

The Party of "Law and Order" has had another fall in the North. The prosecutions brought against the police for interfering with Orange drumming parties at Cookstown have been dismissed on the merits by a full bench of magistrates. The chairman of the Petty Sessions court, expressing the opinion of his brother magistrates and his own, said the proceedings of the Loyalist drummers on the occasion were most discreditable to the town and to the people who take part in the marchings up and down at night and early morning. These meaningless celebrations are at best a stupid mummery, and at worst a cause of disorder and bad blood. From whatever side these proclivities to riot and tumult come, they are to be equally condemned by all right thinking men.—*Irish Daily Independent.*

On the night of Sept. 25 it was found that two boxes which were kept in the porches of the Catholic cathedral, Armagh, for the purpose of holding the contributions of benevolent persons interested in the work of the St. Vincent de Paul society, given in aid of destitute poor, were broken open and the contents stolen.

St. Agatha's Church Bazaar.

The people of St. Agatha's church, at Douglas Park, are working hard, preparing for a bazaar, which will open on Nov. 13 and will continue for two weeks. The pastor, the Rev. Father Bonfield, spent many years in St. Brigid's parish, and is widely known. It is expected that his many friends will patronize the bazaar and aid him in completing the building which he has started.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.
We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60. also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SIXTY-SECOND AND SIXTY-THIRD-STS.
Opposite World's Fair.

EVERY DAY, RAIN OR SHINE,
(SUNDAY INCLUDED),
at 3 and 8:30 p. m.
THE COOLEST PLACE IN CHICAGO.
Driest, Cleanest, Neatest and Most Comfortable Resort in Chicago. No mud, no dust. Best place to go on rainy days; 20 feet from all railroads.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.
The Key to All.
VOTED A WORLD-BEATER.



THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN OR
Custer's Last Charge.

18,000 Seats. Covered Grand Stand. Herds of Buffalo, Wild Steers and Bucking Broncbos.
Alley L, Illinois Central, Grip, Electric and Horse Cars all stop at the entrances going to or coming from the World's Fair.
Admission.....50 Cents
Children under 10 years.....25 Cents
Boxes and Box Seats on sale at McIntosh's Library, 31 Monroe-st. Popular Price Restaurant on the Grounds.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,
Wholesale Cigars.
Sole Proprietors of
LA CARINA,
Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.
OFFICE, 2931 VERNON AVE.
CHICAGO.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

MY SCHOOL DAYS.

I remember, I remember, the schoolhouse on the hill,
Whar fust we got book l'arnin. Thar was me an Tom an Bill
An Nancy Green an Mandy an Parson Jenkins' gal
An the pedagogue, but nowadays they call him principal.

I remember, I remember, how he stood me more an once
In the corner with a fool's cap on to show I was the dunce,
An 'casionally how he us' to dust our little breeches
"To clear our brains," but nowadays they don't use hick'ry switches.

I remember, I remember, it was pow'rful hard for me
To l'arn the spellin lesson an that pesky "rule o' three,"
With Mandy lookin love at me behind her book—leastwise
I hoped she were—but nowadays ye don't see no sich eyes.

I remember, I remember, how I'd see her hum at night,
An set an watch her spinnin by the tallow candle light;
But when the old folks went to bed [illegible] it grew dark
Nigh the sofy seat—but nowadays t[illegible] know how to spark.

I remember, I remember, arter schoolin days was done,
An the banns read, how the parson he made me an Mandy one;
An now, when baby goes to school, all thro' the lonely hours
We think, do me an Mandy, 'at thar ain't no babe like ours;
An 'pears to me, a-lookin back upon our happy lives,
That nowadays, ah, nowadays, they don't make no sich wives!

—John W. Low in New York Commercial Advertiser.

JOHN WENT BACK.

Two fertile farms lay side by side on the road between the village of Bridgetown (now Mount Holly) and Burlington in the year 1775.

Reuben Most and John Grigg were still wont to consult one another concerning the affairs of their respective farms.

So by the same process Reuben Most and John Grigg found themselves when the necessity arose shouldering Continental muskets together.

It must not be supposed, forsooth, that Reuben and John were childless and alone simply because no mention has yet been made of anything to the contrary. Patty Most was as fair an 18-year-old slip of girl as one would care to feast his eyes upon.

Reuben and John had many years ago, long before the birth of Patty, confided to one another the hope that one should be given a son, to the other a daughter, and that the lifelong friendship of the fathers should find even a stronger tie in the union of their offspring.

When, shortly after the girl was born, therefore, John's buxom spouse duly presented him with an heir, the two old friends renewed their pledges over many a giant mug of home brewed ale.

At the period when the tale begins Patty Most was a demure little country beauty a trifle over 18 years of age, and John, Jr., was a sturdy youth a month younger. Up to this time there had been but small need for the manifestation of their fathers' desire concerning a marriage between them.

On the evening before the departure of the men young John walked down the cowpath, jumped the boundary fence between his father's and Reuben's lands, and strode up through the meadows to his sweetheart's home.

The parting with her was John's worst trial. Even this, however, was softened by his anticipation of the glory which would cover him when the war was over and done, and when the name of John Grigg, Jr., should stand high upon its list of heroes.

"Oh, John, don't go to the horrid war!" exclaimed Patty impulsively. "I'm just certain you'll get killed!"

"Pshaw, Patty!" said John as he put his arm around her, "don't be a little coward. I'll come home a great man, and then you'll be glad I went."

The same day Patty and her mother accepted an invitation extended by the girl's aunt, who lived in the village of Bridgetown, to make their home with her until the return of Reuben. So, leaving the farm affairs in charge of an old man, who was too far advanced in years to be of service in battle, Mrs. Most and Patty went to live with Mrs. Milford in the village until the happy day when the war should end.

Mrs. Milford's house stood on Main street, not far above Garden lane, upon the corner of which two streets stood the oven then old Friends' meeting house, where the mistress, who was a member of the society, was wont to worship on First days.

About four weeks subsequent to the two Johns and Reuben's departure a company of British troops en route from the Atlantic seacoast to Boston invaded Bridgetown for some unknown reason and proceeded to quarter themselves upon the startled residents.

Those of the troops who violated the privacy of Mrs. Milford's household were three young officers. That dame did well for her involuntary guests, setting before them the best to eat and drink that her house afforded.

Major Derrond chose as the drill ground the main street of the village, that being greater in width than any other. Upon this street stood Mrs. Milford's house, directly in front of which the British company would be forced to pass. This Patty noted with secret satisfaction.

Out marched the British column, passing and repassing with absolutely correct unanimity of motion. Twice, thrice, it passed the Milford mansion, and now it was about to do so for the fourth time. A minute more and the center of the long line was exactly opposite the house.

Suddenly the shutters of a second story window flew open, and from out the window was thrust an American flag. A bonny head appeared just behind it, and the accents of a shrill, girlish voice rang out:

"Hurrah for the Americans!"

The company stopped like a flash.

"Arrest that woman!" thundered the major.

A dozen soldiers ran to fulfill the order. The window was quickly thrown down, fastening the flagstaff down and holding it in position, where it continued to gently wave defiance to the Tory throng low.

Meanwhile Patty had heard the order for her arrest and ran like the wind down the rear steps, through the plat of ground at the rear of the house and out into Garden lane.

Across the way the door of the old meeting house stood invitingly ajar, the aged sexton having forgotten to close it after the day's garnishing. Into it Patty ran, but not quickly enough to escape observation by the soldiers.

One of them caught a glimpse of her flying skirts as she entered the door and gave the alarm. In a moment the entire command, forgetful for the time of all discipline, rushed headlong after her.

Just as they had all reached the meeting house "slam!" sounded the solid door in their faces, and as they gathered angrily around, baffled, they could hear the sound of the heavy iron bar as it dropped into place on the inside.

"Crash!" went the bullet through the pane, sent by some dastardly soldier's pistol.

"Stop that!" shouted one of the junior officers of the company. "The next man who shoots at that girl will be placed under arrest!"

On the inside Patty crouched in front of the center pillar of the building breathless and a good deal frightened. The bullet whirred over her head and buried itself in the wood about a foot above her.

In a moment one or two of the men outside, assisted by their comrades, had climbed to the window sill and had succeeded in raising the window about six inches. By degrees they widened the distance sufficiently to allow a soldier's body admission to the room. He clambered over the sill and dropped down on the inside.

"Ah, my pretty one," said the soldier to Patty, who was now thoroughly frightened, "so we've got you at last, have we?"

Major Derrond looked grimly down from his high seat upon his horse as Patty was led, trembling and timorous, before him.

"Take this girl to my quarters and keep guard over her."

The colonel's quarters, which had been made in a stanch stone mansion in another part of the village, were reached soon, and Patty was forthwith taken to a room on the second floor and locked in, while a soldier stood guard without the door and another in the street just under the one window.

Two hours dragged their slow length away before Patty heard anything more from the soldiers. Then she saw them coming toward the house in groups of twos and threes.

Shortly, too, the major rode up, and throwing his horse's reins to a servant dismounted and entered the hall. Patty saw one of her three friends—the lieutenant—accompanying him.

After perhaps 15 more minutes had passed the same soldier who had locked the girl in came and unlocked the door, beckoning for Patty to come with him.

The soldier took her along the passageway and down to the lower floor before Major Derrond again. That officer seemed a trifle less stern, she thought, than when she was at first taken before him.

"I have decided," said the major, "to release you on condition that you do not repeat the offense to his majesty that was the cause of your being here. Are you willing to give that assurance?"

Patty hesitated a moment, and finally deciding that by promising she need in nowise be untrue to her father's and lover's cause, gave the required promise.

Upon a night soon after a heavy rain had begun to fall about dusk and had continued drearily the night long. Shortly after 9 o'clock the little village was locked in slumber.

Patty had retired soon after 9 and had fallen immediately asleep. Nothing disturbed her dreams until just after midnight, when a shower of gravel rattled sharply against her chamber window.

The girl was awakened almost instantly, and jumped from her bed to investigate the cause of the strange proceeding.

"It's me, Patty," came a low voice from below, which she immediately recognized as that of John, Jr., her lover, who was supposed to be far away to the wars.

Hastily she threw on her clothes, and in a moment had unfastened the heavy kitchen door and had admitted the soldier youth, drenched and bedraggled, to the welcome warmth of the open fire, which, although the season was summer, gave out a generous heat to the chilled and dripping youth.

"Now," said Patty as John removed his coat and stood before the fire, "tell me how you came to come home?"

John made no answer for several minutes. Then he said:

"I suppose that I might as well tell you, Patty, that I've deserted."

The girl failed to comprehend for a moment and sat with wide, wondering eyes.

"You don't mean, John," she finally said slowly, "that you've run away from the army, do you?"

"You said yourself that you wouldn't blame any man for being afraid," he said feebly.

"Yes," answered Patty. "but I've changed since then. I'm not a coward any longer. The tables seem to be turned now," she added significantly, and John flushed uneasily. And then the girl recounted the story of her adventure with the British soldiers.

At this the weeping soldier lad dried his eyes and sat up a little straighter.

"You must have walked a good way," Patty said after a time, a little more kindly. "Where did you leave the army?"

"Not very far from here," answered John. "Our general heard the British were fixing up a headquarters down here somewhere and sent a company down to see. They're in camp now about seven miles to the north. None of the men saw me slip out," he added in a shamed way.

A moment later and a glorious possibility had flashed across the girl's mind. She unfolded it rapidly to John, and that youth, timorous and faint hearted though he was, succeeded in mustering a small degree of enthusiasm concerning it. He finally agreed to do his part, and was let out of the house, as he had come, by Patty.

As the tall clock in the hall struck 1 Patty crept back in bed again and lay shivering nervously, with sleep far from her eyelids. Her thoughts were with John as he trod the drenched road upon the mission on which she had sent him.

Would he prove equal to it, or would he be found wanting as before? She heard the clock strike 2, then 3.

She waited a long time, listening for it to strike 4, when again a shower of gravel rattled against the window panes. Her heart beat wildly as she hurried to the window.

The same figure, looking more drenched if possible, she saw dimly below.

"All right," she whispered, and in another minute was talking eagerly with John in the kitchen.

He was quite a different youth from the one she had admitted but a few hours before, and who had confessed to such pitiable cowardice.

All trace of the despondent cringe with which he had stood, so full of shame, before Patty had disappeared, and he seemed now like a man who could be trusted in any crisis.

"Everything is all right," he said. And then he secured from her the names of the villagers upon whom the Tory soldiers had quartered themselves.

With the British company's protracted stay in the village, the girl knew almost to a man whose the different houses were which sheltered part of the king's army.

After this information was secured John again disappeared, and Patty, for the third time that night, sought her couch, but not to sleep, however.

Meanwhile the Continental company, which had been brought by John from their nearby camp, rapidly and noiselessly surrounded each dwelling where a prize was to be secured in the shape of a British soldier. When the work was complete, the trumpeter stood in the center of the village and blew a stentorian blast.

For a moment there was no sound in reply. Then windows were thrown open, and at every one appeared one or more heads, the owners thereof rubbing their eyes and sleepily trying to discover the cause of such unseemly disturbance of their peaceful slumbers.

The British soldiers, too, stumbled out of their comfortable beds, surprised and uncomprehending. When they looked into the street, however, and saw at every door the Continental blue and yellow, they rapidly arrived at a correct conclusion.

Ere long every red coated soldier in Bridgetown was in the custody of the Continentals, who promptly conveyed them as soon as possible to the New England headquarters, where honors were showered thickly upon the heads of the entire company.

John went with them and received his full share as the supposed author of the capture. What the commanding officers always supposed was merely a harebrained midnight visit to his sweetheart was pardoned in the light of its unexpected and happy result.

John served all through the long war after that with bravery and distinction, his part in the snaring of the British soldiers apparently having cured him of the slightest suspicion of cowardice. And Patty kept her husband's secret well.

The little old Friends' meeting house, with its bullet scarred wooden pillar, still stands as a mute monument to the Revolutionary maiden's bravery and to the authenticity of my story. Ask any member of the Quaker clan which of the many objects that the town holds is chief, and he will take you without a moment's hesitation to the old house of worship which sheltered the spot where the British bullet found a resting place over a century ago.—Philadelphia Press.

The Power of Little Things.

Daintiness in trifles is very attractive. A gift that is wrapped in good paper and tied with a pretty ribbon, for instance, looks twice as tempting as the same present carelessly given. Every one knows how a table may be made refined or otherwise by the mere setting of the china, glass and cutlery and how the touch of the mistress' hand will convert the clumsy disposition of an inexperienced servant into an arrangement of beauty and order. The same room with the same furniture may look as widely different as the desert of Sahara and the garden of Eden, according to the taste shown by its occupant.

This power of little things cannot be overestimated, and it is not only in things inanimate, but in words and deeds, that this most desirable quality of taste may be manifested. A kind action may be made graceful, a generous gift may be bestowed tactfully, by force of what might be deemed a trifle, but which sometimes is of the greatest importance. On the other hand, a careless, neglectful manner will almost rob a kindness of the pleasure it was intended to bestow and render it absolutely distasteful to the recipient.—New York Tribune.

Shattered Romance.

"Just one," said the lover as he stood upon the stoop with his girl, "just one."

"Just 1," said the mother, putting her head out of the bedroom window above. "Well, I guess it ain't so late as that, but it's pretty near 12, and you'd better be going, or her father will be down."

And the lover took his leave with a sad pain at his heart.—Boston Courier.

The Difference.

"You are charged with being drunk and disorderly, but as this is your first offense I will only fine you $3 or send you to prison for one day."

"I'm obliged to you, your honor, but really I haven't got a cent of money."

"See, that comes from drinking. Now, if you hadn't got drunk you could easily pay such a small fine as $3."—Fliegende Blatter.

VALUE OF ANTISEPSIS

HOW SURGERY HAS BEEN ADVANCED BY THIS PRACTICE.

Different Viscera Once Avoided Are Now Treated With Safety—Invaluable In War Times—Chloroform Is Now Used In Cases of Sunstroke.

These last 20 years surgery has been advancing at an almost vertiginous pace, and its progress and improvement are due to the universal practice of antisepsis and to the adoption of proper dressings. The most daring operations are now crowned with success, and different viscera which had previously been carefully avoided by surgeons are treated safely and to the welfare of the patients. It is an every day occurrence to see the abdominal cavity opened either to remove a tumor or to make some operation on the intestines. The brain is laid bare to free it from some compression from which it is suffering or to open an abscess and give a free exit to the pus. Under all these circumstances the surgeon intervenes with perfect security when he has minutely taken the necessary precautions to protect the wound he creates from infection by germs.

These dangerous germs are both within the patients and about them, and for this reason it is absolutely indispensable to disinfect the spot that the operation is to affect and also everything connected with the operator, his instruments or assistants. As for the germs floating in the atmosphere, some surgeons endeavor to counteract their effect by spraying antiseptic liquids about the room during the operation. The point to be guarded against above all others is infection of the seat of intervention, and this can be accomplished by destroying the germs that may have already invaded it or by closing up all access to it on the part of those that may be about it. The former can be effected by the use of antisepsis and the latter by asepsis.

Complications arising from firearm wounds seem to result from the action of germs which are not carried by the projectiles, as might be supposed at first thought, but by the patients' clothing. In one of the late meetings of the Societe Imperio-Royale des Medecins de Vienne, M. Habart reported the experiments he had undertaken in this connection with M. Faulhaber concerning the infection of firearm wounds. These two investigators, using regulation rifles, fired at boxes of gelatin, of which some were sterilised or covered with sterilized blotting paper, others surrounded with pieces of old uniforms and others with pieces of uniforms dipped in pure cultures of staphylococci. In the first case the track of the bullet remained aseptic; in the second were found, in addition to pieces of cloth, a variety of microbes, while in the third the boxes contained nothing but staphylococci.

In short, a bullet striking the body of a soldier or a piece of shell entering his flesh stands every chance of creating an infected wound. It is therefore imperative to treat all wounds in wartime antiseptically, and we owe a great debt to the different authorities who in time of peace are preparing a sufficient stock of packages of dressing to supply each soldier or officer on the day war may break out. This small package of dressing with which each soldier is to be furnished is to be placed, in the French army, in a pocket specially prepared for it and is certain to render great services, whether used by the wounded man himself or by the ambulance corps. However temporary this remedy may be, it will still have the advantage of supplying the regimental surgeon with almost enough dressings for the first demands on the battlefields without his having to make use of his stores, and it will rapidly place the wounds out of reach of the danger of infection arising from contact with clothing, hands or the ground.

A German army surgeon, M. Koerfer, has been testing the value of inhalations of chloroform in the cerebro-spinal form of sunstroke, and in the case of two soldiers very seriously affected with unconsciousness, convulsions, hyperæsthesia of the skin, livid skin and weakened pulse, the prolonged administration of chloroform succeeded in putting an end to all the symptoms. The favorable effect of the chloroform showed itself as soon as its use was commenced by marked improvement in the pulse, but the convulsions did not cease altogether until the narcosis had been kept up for an hour and a quarter in one case and for a quarter of an hour in the other.

The use of cold water and hypodermic injections of ether, to which recourse was had in the first case, where the symptoms were particularly serious and before the chloroform was tried, were found to be powerless and to have no other effect than to bring on or increase the convulsive attacks each time they were tried. With this patient M. Koerfer also made an injection of two centigrams of morphine toward the end of the chloroform seance, and when the man began to come out from the effect of the chloroform he fell asleep again under the influence of the morphine, and on awakening finally the convulsive attacks had entirely disappeared.

Chloroform acts in these cases by stopping the convulsions which help to raise the temperature of the body by lessening the production of heat and also by facilitating the radiation of the heat of the body. Hypodermic injections of ether are given to prevent asphyxia, and caffeine administered in the same way has a twofold purpose, to increase or re-establish the urinary secretion and to tonify the system in general. In the future it will be well to bear in mind the usefulness of chloroform in these very severe cases of sunstroke.—Paris Herald.

A Long Felt Want.

Mrs. Young Housekeeper (at market)—And what have you got today, Mr. Cleaver?

Butcher—Beef, mutton, veal, pork——

Mrs. Young Housekeeper—I've had all of them quite recently. Haven't you got a new animal?—New York Times.

The Well Bred Woman.

The funny papers are never weary of descanting upon the flatteries of your society dame. "How are those beautiful children? I shall never forget how sweet they looked when I peeped in at them in their nursery that day. And how is your precious mother? What a wonder she is! Everybody speaks of her marvelous crazy quilts. And your husband? All the men are talking about him. That speech of his at the —— club dinner took everybody by storm." And so on, ad nauseam. But it never gets to that point with the listener. "The one thing of which men never tire is the honeyed voice of approval."

If, as Frederika Bremer says, "the great duty of life is not to give pain," your society dame is performing the great duty of life with admirable success. She not only does not give pain, but she bestows positive pleasure. Even to those who know that her words are meant only to smooth the passing moment and must not be taken too seriously her little "euphuisms" are grateful.

Among the better class of well bred people compliments are not "laid on with a shovel" nor "dragged in by the hair." They flow easily, for they are the result of a lifetime of effort to make one's self agreeable to everybody, so far as one can do it within the limits of truth. The unfailing aplomb of the well bred woman assists her wonderfully here. She recalls clearly at the first glance the peculiarities and the circumstances of her visitor, she sorts out the pleasant from the unpleasant, and she invariably alludes in her remarks to the pleasant. The transplanting, without its luxurious effusiveness, of this good custom into the home life and into the narrow circles of the "outs" could result only in good.—New York Times.

Girls In Business.

Very much has been said on the subject of girls with independent incomes or well to do parents going into business or taking up any means of livelihood, and severe and it would seem very unjust criticisms have been indulged in.

It is claimed by working women and their champions that for a girl with a good home or an income to go into business or take remunerative work to do is unjust to those who are dependent on their own exertions for a living. Just where the justice of such criticism comes in it would be difficult for any philosopher to decide. No one thinks it strange. Indeed it is quite the proper thing, when a boy on or before arriving at maturity, goes out into the world to earn his living. However wealthy his father may be seems to make no difference. Indeed under such circumstances industry and application to business are looked upon as all the more praiseworthy, but for some mysterious reason the girl is not allowed this privilege.

This appears to be but another of the relics of barbarism which unfortunately cling like barnacles to the ship of progress.

Everybody has a right to earn a living or any portion of it by whatever honorable occupation he may see fit to take up. Whether it be a man or a woman matters not.

There is plenty of work in the world for both the boys and the girls.—New York Ledger.

Wedding Wreaths of the World.

The wreath which graces the head of a bride on her wedding day has been sung by more poets, even the great ones like Schiller, than any other chaplet of fame or honor. In the early days the Jews saw in the wreath a sign of what for them was the most beautiful and precious—the promised land—and of the myrtle the bridal crown was woven. Later this myrtle wreath became the symbol of womanly purity and as such is worn by every girl bride in Germany. In many parts of Germany the sprigs from which the wreath shall be twined must be taken at a fixed hour of the night between certain holy days. And in both Denmark and Germany families possess myrtle trees which have for quite a generation or more furnished the bridal wreaths at family weddings. In Greece the myrtle and the rose were considered the favorite flowers of Venus, the twining of the two together signifying the union of love and virtue. In England, in France and in Poland, as in America, the orange blossom reigns supreme in wedding chaplets. In Italy the white rose has taken the place of the evergreen and fragrant myrtle wreath. In Spain it is the red, red rose that adorns a bride, and Portugal's wedding flower is the carnation.—New York Sun.

Savage Indifference to Pain.

Generally speaking, the more civilized and refined races are more sensitive to pain than barbarous and uncivilized races. This was proved by Dr. Felkin in a series of carefully planned experiments which he made upon Arabs, negroes and Europeans. The stoical fortitude of the Arabs he considered due to peculiar mental characteristics, of which mental repression, self control and dogged endurance were the leading features. The indifference to pain in negroes he thought was due to diminished general sensibility, and he was led to believe that the relative sensibility of Europeans, Arabs and negroes was in the proportion of one, two and three. A New Zealander has been known to chop off his great toes so that he might get on a pair of boots which had been given to him. On one occasion a native Australian came to a settlement to get a wooden leg, his own leg being burned away at the knee. It had been wounded so severely that amputation was necessary, and as his tribe had no appliances to stop the flow of blood his leg had been simply burned off.—Elmira Telegram.

Only of Secondary Importance.

Parson Scattergood (to his wife on Saturday morning)—I have both of my sermons all ready for tomorrow.

Mrs. S.—What texts have you been writing upon?

Parson S.—Texts? Oh, I've just got through writing the sermons. Haven't had time to select the texts yet.—Boston Courier.

PERFECT PHYSICAL REPOSE.

A Firm Hair Mattress Rather Than a Feather Bed Promotes It.

There is an old story of an Indian and a "paleface," who, after a long day's journey, lay down in a deserted cabin at nightfall to rest. The Indian, wrapping himself in his blanket, stretched himself on the floor of the cabin with his feet to the fire and was soon asleep. His companion meantime has espied a feather bed in another room, and congratulating himself on his discovery jumped in and was also soon in a doze.

With the first rays of the morning light the Indian rose refreshed and ready for the day's task. He went to arouse his comrade, when, lo! he found him dead from the exhaustion of the previous day.

Luxurious repose is never true physical rest.

To enjoy that blessing to its fullest extent freedom from restraint must be allowed every part of the body. A firm surface is required—one that will tend to keep the body stretched out at full length, that the lungs and heart may feel no sense of restriction by compression of the chest walls, and that the blood may have uninterrupted course in every direction.

We should never be guilty of supposing that the person whom we saw sitting in a chair with his chin pressing on his sunken chest was enjoying true physical rest, no matter how fast asleep he might appear to be.

The tendency of the body to gravitate toward the lowest part of a feather bed is beyond remedy.

In this position the whole body is often so curled up that no one part is free from constriction. The chest walls are caved in, and the whole body suffers from the consequent lack of proper oxygenation of the blood and the restriction which is placed upon its general circulation. The blood moves sluggishly, and as a result the condition of "fat and flabby" is superinduced.

This condition is never likely to follow the constant use of a firm hair mattress, for the blood has no chance to get dropsical from too sluggish a circulation.

Perfect physical repose, like perfect physical activity, is dependent upon a proper equilibrium of the bodily functions during slumber.

The story of the Indian and the white man might easily have been founded on fact.—Youth's Companion.

How to Know a Caxton.

Title pages were unknown till after 1491. There must be no Roman or Italic lettering, but all Gothic or old English. There must be no commas, but an oblique stroke in their place. Further, there must be no catchwords at the bottom of the page. The use of these, long gone out of fashion, did not come into vogue till years after Caxton's death.

There are other tests necessary, such as the measurement of the lines, for some of the type used was imitated pretty closely by Caxton's successors. It is clear, however, that during his career Caxton only used six kinds of type. The first, distinctly foreign in its character, was used by him at Bruges in the printing of "The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye" and in the first edition of "The Game and Playe of the Chesse." This style was never used in England. The second style, such as in "The Moral Proverbs" and "Tulle of Olde Age," printed in 1477 and 1481 respectively, was beautiful and artistic. It follows a design of manuscript which obtained the name of Gros Batarde, common in use in the fifteenth century. Several books were written in this manner under the order of Edward IV and are now to be seen in the British museum.

Looking at the dates when Caxton's books were issued and the types he used, it is evident he did not make new type till the old was worn out. A pretentious style came next in 1483, very bold in its character. It is problematical whether there is a book in this type; the only examples we have of it at present are in headlines.—Chambers' Journal.

A Quick Recovery.

The doctor of a hospital ship complained to a visitor of a lazy colored man whom he could do nothing with. "We don't like to throw the rascal out, but it is easily seen he is only shamming."

"Well, doctor," said the visitor, after a little reflection, "lend me a few yards of string and that nigger will be miles away before night."

He got the twine, and putting on a melancholy air he went to the darky's berth.

"Very bad!" he said.

"Yes, massa," replied Sambo. "Dreb-ful sick."

The visitor made no further remark, but placed one end of the twine at his head and drew it slowly—very slowly—until it reached his toes. Then he measured him across the chest. The fellow looked the picture of astonishment and terror and gasped:

"What dis for?"

"My poor fellow, the doctor knows you are not going to recover, and it is only an expense keeping you here without any chance of doing you good. I have just been taking your measure"—here he lowered his voice still more—"for a coffin. We'll bury you with honors tomorrow. It's the custom here in a case like yours. 'Tis best for all hands, you know."

No one knew how or when the negro got clear of the hospital ship, but there was no trace of him in the morning.—London Tit-Bits.

In Bad Company.

Learned Judge (severely)—John Jones, the jury have taken a very lenient view of the case. You have had a very narrow escape, and it should be a lifelong warning to you. After this you ought to keep away from bad company.

John Jones—Yes, yer honor, ye won't see me here again in a hurry.—Judy.

Impudence.

Ethel—Why don't you acknowledge the bow of the gentleman who just passed?

Yvette—The impudence of him! He was presuming on the fact that we are engaged.—Chicago News.

DON'T OWE THE PIPER.

A Sanitary Allegory That Teaches a Practical Lesson.

Under the heading of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin, a Sanitary Allegory," the London Sanitary Record indulges its readers in a comparison between the subject of Browning's delightful poem and those municipal governments that are niggardly in dealing with sanitary questions. The story should be better known than it is. It was about 500 years ago, according to Browning, that a pest of rats infested the town of Hamelin in Brunswick. The mayor and aldermen were at their wits' end to get rid of the rodents when the "pied piper" came along and engaged to free the town for the sum of 1,000 guilders. As the story goes, he played upon his pipe so cunningly and alluringly that all the rats, save one, followed him to the river Weser, and thus ended the plague of the rats.

Great joy was felt throughout the city, and naturally the piper expected a prompt payment of his well earned guilders. But the mayor and corporation grew stingy; their troubles were over, they thought, and they would be troubled no more; but to get rid of the pestilent fellow they offered him 50. Then comes the tragedy of the story. They had treated their deliverer shabbily, they had put him in a passion, and they found him pipe to another fashion. Again he piped, so sweetly and persuasively that all the children in the town came flocking out and ran merrily after the wonderful music with shouting and laughter, and they followed their leader to the side of a mountain, which opened and swallowed them all up, and they were never heard of more—in Hamelin, and the parents in that ill fated city were left to mourn.

But it isn't true. We are not so sure of that. It is certainly in print, and if it weren't true how could a grave poet like Robert Browning have taken the trouble to write out the story in charming verse? For our part, we believe it to be perfectly true—if not in the letter, certainly in the spirit. When Browning wrote it, do you not think he had in view those principalities that grudge the expense of paying to get rid of nuisances? There are plenty among ourselves who still act the part of the mayor and corporation of Hamelin.

Clearly the meaning of the poem is that if you are mean enough to grudge the necessary expenditure for ridding your town of destructive pests, then you will have to pay for your sordid economy in the loss of your dearest. You will see your children pass away before your eyes, and you will be utterly unable to stop them or to recall them. You will have to pay the piper somehow; if not in money, then in some far more costly and tragical fashion. Bacilli are more troublesome and more destructive than even rats, because they destroy the most valuable of all property, and they cannot easily be got rid of without spending money. Disease is the costliest of all conditions for a town, while the expenditure on sanitation is the wisest economy.

Nothing to Wonder At.

"I used to wonder," said a man of family, "what became of all the patent medicines, but I don't now. My children take them. There's my two younger children, David, who is 8, and Ella, 6. To look at them you'd think they had somebody else's health as well as their own, but I hear their mother say to them before they go down to breakfast:

"'Ella, have you taken your antimalarium? David, don't forget your antimalarium.'

"It seems that their mother thinks that children of their age ought to take something at this season of the year to strengthen them, and so they take antimalarium every day.

"And there's Reuben, a big, strapping boy of 14. His mother gives him something because she thinks a growing boy like him ought to have something to build him up. And she says to Caroline, who is 16: 'Caroline, you're not well at all. You've got to take something. I think you ought to take some of Glimmer's compound,' and so Caroline begins with Glimmer's compound.

"And I see on the shelf, with spoons alongside, in spring, in summer, in autumn and in winter, the bottles containing the things that the children are supposed to need in the season then current, and I say to myself that if all mothers are like the mother of my children there is no need for me to wonder what becomes of all the patent medicines."—New York Sun.

He Was Unselfish.

The tramp peeked over the back fence to see if there were a dog in the yard, and seeing none he slipped up to the kitchen door and knocked.

"Y' ain't got no dogs around, have you, miss?" he said to the cook, who answered the summons of the stranger.

"No, but we've got a Bengal tiger tied around the corner."

"Is he tied purty safe, miss?"

"Yes, but I can untie him, and he's hungry."

"Much hungry, miss?"

"Very. He hasn't had anything to eat for two days."

"That's my fix exactly, miss, and I can sympathize with him. Untie him."

The cook laughed.

"Come in," she said, "and eat all you want, so the tiger can have a decent meal," and the tramp chuckled softly as he went in.—Detroit Free Press.

The Number of "The Beast."

Vitringa says that 666, the number of the beast (Revelation xiii, 18), probably had some mythical or hidden connection with the "children of Adonikan, 666," mentioned by Ezra in the second chapter and thirteenth verse. Dr. Lightfoot, in writing on that mysterious name "Sethur" (Numbers xiii, 13), says that in Hebrew numerals it is 666 and means mystery. Dr. Kenealy says that 666 in Greek letters is Chi-xi-han, and that it was the name of the Americas before Atlantis sank.—St. Louis Republic.

Nice Discrimination.

George is a handsome, bearded colored man, not black, but of a Spanish complexion, who is managing man—buyer, butler and general factotum—for a Boston lady who keeps an expensive boarding house "on the hill." The manners of George, who was bred in the south, are perfect—at once self respectful, easy and flattering to each boarder's feeling of personal consequence.

He is one of the rare men who are always deferential and never servile. Though but a head waiter, he might well be called a gentleman. That he has a very nice discrimination in language this true anecdote will show:

The point on which George is touchy is the reputation of the boarding house in which he is so trusted, so liked and so much the managing man. He is assiduous in maintaining the table on a liberal scale and seeing that no boarder lacks anything or waits unduly for any attention by reason of the neglect of the minor servants, who are all women.

If they are all busy, George "fills the gaps." Thus it chanced one day not long ago that he leaned deferentially over the shoulder of a new boarder and said, "Apple pie and ice cream, sah."

The new boarder is somewhat deaf and long accustomed to less liberal boarding houses. Not sure that he had heard George aright, he looked around and said:

"What? Apple pie or ice cream?"

"No, sah, not here, sah! Apple pie and ice cream, sah," said George, with admirable suavity and perfect vindication of his boarding house from possible suspicion of being one of those places where they offer the guests nothing more than a choice between dishes of dessert. —Youth's Companion.

Curiosities of Words.

There are two words in the whole range of the English language containing all the vowels in their regular order. They are abstemious and facetious. The following words each have them in irregular order: Authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, mendacious, nefarious, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, unobjectionable, unequivocal, undiscoverable and vexatious. A search through the dictionary might bring several others to light. It is usually said that there are but seven nine lettered monosyllabic words in the English language: Scratched, stretched, scrunched, scranched, screeched, squelched and staunched.

Here are some of the shortest sentences into which the alphabet can be compressed: "J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills," 33 letters. "Quack, glad zephyr, waft my javelin box," 31 letters. "Phiz, styx, wrong, buck flame, quib," 26 letters. "I, quartz pyx, who fling muck beds," 26 letters. "Fritz! quick! land! hew gypsum box," 26 letters. "Dumpty quiz! whirl back fogs next," 27 letters. "Export my fund. Quiz black whigs," 26 letters. "Get nymph, quiz and brow, fix luck," 26 letters. In more sober English, the last one would be, "Marry, be cheerful, watch your business."

These sentences would make excellent writing copies, for they secure attention to every letter and profitable exercises for learners of the typewriter, as they take in all the keys, and thus familiarize one readily with all possible combinations. By changing from capitals to lower case the value of the exercises is greatly increased.—London Tit-Bits.

Couldn't Master the Shibboleth.

"Who's there?" said a feminine voice.

"It's—hic—only me—hic—dear."

"Oh, it's only you, is it? And now suppose you tell me where you've been since this morning."

"Yes—hic—darling. You shee it—hic—happened this way. We—hic—went out fis—fis—fishun—hic—and the wind died out—hic."

"So the wind died out, did it?"

"Yesh—hic—m'dear. And if you—hic—only knew how shick—hic—your own hubbie wash—hic—thish minute—hic—you'd open the door."

"Sick, are you?" she snorted. "You're drunk."

"Don't shay that, darling—hic—can't you—hic—hear me shuffering—hic?"

"Oh, yes, I hear you. Now I am going to open the door, but not until you convince me that you are not intoxicated. Do you hear me?"

"Hic!"

"Before this door opens you've got to say quickly three times, without taking breath, 'She sells seashells.'"

"Oh—hic—lor."

"What did you say?"

"I shed all ri."

"Well, go ahead."

"She sells seashells, she shells shells"—

"That won't do. I want you to say distinctly and rapidly, 'She sells seashells.'"

"All ri. Shesellsheshellseasells. What's the matter with thatsh?"

He didn't get in.—Pittsburg Press.

Monkeys and Their Sick.

Monkeys, with some notable exceptions, are some degrees worse than savage men in their treatment of the sick. On the new Jumna canal at Delhi monkeys swarm in trees upon the banks and treat their sick comrades in true monkey fashion.

The colony by the canal being overcrowded, and as a consequence unhealthy, did and probably does still suffer from various unpleasant diseases. When one monkey is so obviously unwell as to offend the feelings of the others, a few of the larger monkeys watch it, and taking a favorable opportunity knock it into the canal. If it is not drowned at once, the sick monkey is pitched in again after it regains the trees and either drowned or forced to keep aloof from the flock.

At the London Zoological garden the monkeys torment a sick one without mercy, and unless it is at once removed from the cage it has little chance of recovery. The small monkeys bite and pinch it. The larger ones swing it around by the tail. When it dies, as many monkeys as can find room sit on its body.—Exchange.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 922 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James V Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 36 W 13th st; R S Julius Ealer, 634 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, at Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3723 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

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St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2983 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

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No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

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Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.35.

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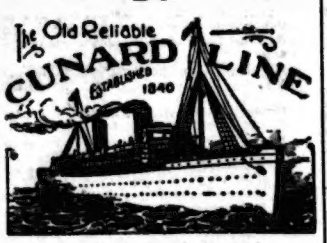


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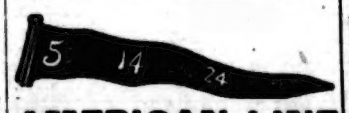


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